THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

POESY WEEPS.

She weeps—the burning tears of grief
In silent sorrow flow;
No soothing voice can shed relief,
The cypress binds her brow.
Her anxious breast tumultuous swells
In wild emotion's throes,
The bitter sigh of anguish tells
The deepness of her woes.

She weeps for him who struggling stood
The raging tempest's wrath;
For him whose footsteps early trod
Misfortune's darken'd path.
She mourns for him whose sunbeam wanes
Beneath a troubled sky,
Where death's dark sway triumphant reigns,
And waves his banner high.

She weeps for him who fully felt
The ills his pathway spread,
But who amid the perils knelt
And "bared to heaven his head."
For him whose silent form is laid
Within the grave's cold gloom;
Who sunk beneath affliction's braid,
Lies mould'ring in the tomb.

Cease, mourner—cease—the harp that rung—
In fancy's brightest dreams,
Though silent here, shall still be strung
To higher, loftier themes;
For he whose high wrought soul was long
Amid these life-storms driven,
Has fled to raise the rapture'd song,
And wake its chords in heaven.

MINSTREL OF MANAYUNK.

TO A SCREECH OWL OBSERVED IN A VILLAGE.

Why comest thou, unbidden wanderer! why
Leav'st thou thy lone and desolate retreat!
The eagle still is soaring in the sky,
The whippoorwill retains her wonted seat
In yonder bush;—and why dost thou prolong
Among the haunts of men thy dreary song!

Why hast thou left thy home—the moss grown rock,
The dark recesses of the time-worn tower!
Com'st thou to mark man's fading life and mock
His transient joys, his pleasures of an hour;
To tell how oft amid his brightest days
Some grief untold upon his spirit preys!

Oh! thou art like some lone and broken heart,
Crush'd by misfortune's overcoming power,
Sever'd from hope and doom'd to stand apart
From all the joys of life, while darkly lower
Above, around, the night-clouds of distress,
And tinge with deeper shade its wretchedness.

Yet have I seen a gleam of brightness play
On such a heart, and then it would forsake
Its loveliness, and send its woes away,
And come to mingle with the crowds that make
The world of life and action, and to share
In all the warm hopes that are cherished there;

And linger there a little while, and then
Leave all life's busy scenes and active glow;
And seek its own dark reveries again,
And dwell in all its solitude of woe;
Even as thou dost thro' the dusky air
To thy wild desolate abodes repair.

Now thou art gone; but still upon my ear
Swell the lone murmurs of thy dismal sorrow;
And in those lonely murmurs I can hear
A warning voice. In fancy's view they seem
The dark forebodings of a darker day,
When man shall sink beneath Death's conquering sway.

As thou hast fled, and on thy distant flight,
Perhaps no mortal eye save mine hath gaz'd,
So man shall sink in dim oblivious night,
And all the tongues that curs'd his name or prais'd
Shall cease to speak of him, and he shall be
Forgotten 'mid life's busy scenery.

Farewell! I shall not see thee soon again,
Perhaps no more; but when th' gathering wave
Of many years has hurried onward, then
Thy notes may echo o'er my unknown grave,
And many lov'd ones by my side may sleep,
But few or none will linger there to weep.

Farewell, the closing hour is hastening on,
A few more suns may gild these lovely plains;
And then for me the scenes of life are done;
Even now the power of desolation reigns
While o'er my heart, and dreary is the flow
Of the few hours that wait for me below.

ARCOLO.

A BRIDE'S DEPARTURE FROM HER NATIVE LAND.

My bride! my barque is on the sea,
To my native land we go;
Art thou not sweet, content, with me,
That thus thy tears do flow!
Is it because the sea is wide,
And the tempest loud dost fear?
Oh! tremble not my guileless bride,
The dangers thou dread I share.

Thou has read perchance of the boundless deep,
Of the mariner toss'd on the wave,
And think'st our gallant barque will sweep
Right o'er some hot one's grave.
But calm those fears, behold the sea
Is smooth as the silver stream,
On whose banks thou oft has stray'd with me,
When silver'd by many a beam.

By many a beam from yon summer moon,
That is sailing now above;
Then come, my gentle one, and soon
We shall reach our home of love.

Nay, nay, I fear not the foaming wave,
Nor the dangers of the sea;
For should'st thou perish, would not *the* grave
Be the same that would yearn for me?

But my sire is old, and my mother weeps
In death, in you church-yard sleeps;
And when an aged *father* weeps,
Should *no* tears flow for *daughter's* eye!

'Tis true my brother both yet remain,
My father's age he'll cheer;
But oh! who, who could sooth his pain
Like a daughter, if one were near?
And leave this my native land,
The home of my early days!
Where Hope first wav'd her fairy wand,
Where I carol'd my gladsest lays!

And cold is the heart that would not ache,
When parting from scenes like these;
When a last farewell it would pause to take,
Ere it speeds athwart the seas.
But now I am thine—yes native land,
Thy child afar does roam;
She gave her heart, ere she did her hand,
She lies to another home.

But oh! she loves ye—this last adieu
She linger'd awhile to take;
Father! Brother! farewell! to you.
No more—or her heart will break—
Tho' love may bless her, and pleasure shine,
Yet memory oft will roam
To that spot where nature erects a shrine,
For worship, her *native* home.

Come, come, I hear the seamen's cry,
I fear nor wind, nor wave;
With thee all peril I defy,
All dangers I would brave;
But marvel not thy bride did weep,
When ties like hers are broken;
But 'tis past, we are now on the boundless deep,
Home! the farewell is spoken.

SELIM.

A PETITION OF A FADING FLOWER.

What charms I had are chas'd away
By cold neglect and scorn;
The friends I had in early day,
Alas—are fled—and gone.

Within thy leaves I humbly crave,
A lonely silent spot,
Where pity's tear will wet my grave,
And be—ah—soon forgot.

Place me near fair Ellen's name,
Amid the roses she entwines;
The brightest wreath of lasting fame,
Is seen to rise from Ellen's lines.

Or place me where the Ladies steal,
From time, the sweet impassion'd hour;
For they have tender hearts to feel
The miseries of a *dying flower*.

Alone to bloom upon the plain,
No nurturing hand to raise my head,
Oh, let me from indulgence claim
A lonely spot in this kind bed.

Then let a feeble, helpless flower,
Bloom within thy opening page,
The sweet existence of that hour,
Will consecrate its future age.

SYLVAN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN ADVENTURE IN S. CAROLINA.

A TALE—FOUNDED ON FACT.

"The morn that saw Creation's birth,
Than her was not more fair;
Or more serene the cloudless sky,
Or milder vernal air."

It was in a summer's evening on the banks of the Congaree, when the romantic scenery of the distant Pine forest contrasted with the beautiful green plains and the smiling delusive stream, (whose unruffled surface promised not only security but pleasure,) allured the incautious traveller to avoid the heat of the sun, by sheltering himself and horse under a spreading oak. Youth readily yields to temptation; the present feelings were so delightful, that the remaining rugged miles vanished from his eyes, or were only seen in a perspective which deprived both of their difficulties and dangers.—Happy delusion! to thee we owe the pleasures which cheer the tedious moments of existence! by thy means we avoid the gloomy prospects which a more thorough acquaintance with the difficulties and inconvenience of our path would have excited.—Useful, though late, however, reflection came to my assistance; and by diligence I endeavored to recover the time I had lost, and to ascend the rugged hills which appeared rather to impede than to contribute to my prospect. But while Alps arose on Alps, and the difficulty which I had surmounted gave only a prospect of others apparently more insurmountable, a thick fog arose from the river, which soon threatened to obscure the doubtful light that the sun still contributed. I then, as usual, regretted the time I had lost, and the distance which still remained; and reflected on the probability of my mistaking the road, and found little hope of my arriving that night at the town of Columbia. The usual hospitality of the inhabitants soon recurred to my recollection; for hospitality still exists in those sequestered spots, in which its assistance is seldom wanted.

Full of this idea I looked into a neighboring valley, with more advised watch, and saw, at a small distance, a house whose rural elegance would have attracted the traveller's notice, in circumstances rather less favorable to such observations than mine. I approached it full of eager hopes; and in a rustic arbour, at the foot of a tree, whose luxuriance seemed to be checked by age rather than the climate, I perceived a young woman neatly rather than elegantly dressed, reading with attention—I looked at her with some astonishment,—not to see a literary female in this secluded recess, for it is not uncommon,—but to observe quick successive sighs, occasional starts, and at last a full flow of tears.—I should have respected her sorrows too much to have intruded on them, but she accidentally saw me, repressed her tears, and with the silent dignity of sorrow, tempered with an air of elegance, advanced to meet me.—I told my tale in few words, and these few were probably abrupt and inaccurate, for her figure was too engaging to leave me room for recollection. Let me now give you the idea which was then so forcibly impressed on my mind. Her person was short, but the symmetry of her form exquisite; her features regular, her eyes small or sunk by distress, but their expression gave a more interesting appearance than brilliancy or beauty could have bestowed. You will naturally ask what it was; but it is not so easy to describe effects of this kind. It was the look of sorrow blended with sweetness; the prospect of a soul bowed down by affliction, but looking for comfort to a superior source, with the calm dignity which both reason and religion can so well bestow. Her complexion could boast of but few roses; the lilly whiteness, however, was not shaded with the green and yellow melancholy! It was pure, clear, and unsullied. Her lips soft and red; half open in the attitude of speech, and of speech too which promised assistance and comfort. At that moment I thought I could have written down her story, and sworn to the fidelity of the translation. If thou yet hast a heart, my fair one, thought I, how inestimable the treasure! In this retired vale, loving and beloved by her whom my soul holds dear, the rest of the world forgetting, and by them forgot, how happy would the hours flow! how enchanting the employment, that would fill them up without alloy and without satiety! My romantic imagination in a moment weaved the whole scene, and the prospect was delightful; but I was always the dupe of visionary systems; the whole was a baseless fabric, dissipated like a cloud, and I am here in this gloomy garret; but my private history must not *now* be given to the public, and my present business is to follow that of Eliza.

Eliza, with the gentlest accents, as I had already prophecied, desired me to walk in. Her father, she said, would readily protect me for the night, and as long as I should find that part of the country agreeable. At this instant, a venerable man, whom age had not yet bowed with disease or infirmities, advanced with a firm step and erect air.

He addressed me like a man bred rather in the circle of a court, than in the seclusion of retirement; told me, that since I had lost my way, he was glad that I had found his habitation; that his accomodations were not splendid, but that they were heartily at my service. We walked round the lawn, and some neighbouring enclosures, kept with the nicest care. Our walk was necessarily short, for it was very near the evening; but during it and our return, I found in my host sound sense, much humanity, and some religion. It was not the religion of a sectary and a bigot, but the deep felt impression of divine benefits on a susceptible heart, assisted by a good understanding. "I was long, he said accustomed to literature; and expected that the vacancy which a retired life sometimes feels might be filled up by attention to my plantation, by reading, and attending to the education of my daughter, the now only solace of my declining years. I have not been wholly disappointed; but have been indebted to them more than I expected. They have not only relieved my listlessness, but have softened some real sorrows." A sigh seemed to rise, but was soon suppressed. His manly mind disdained to yield to affliction. He rose superior to it, by bearing it with becoming fortitude. On our return from our walk, the table was spread with rural dainties, more delicious in that situation than the produce of both the Indies. Eliza returned with a more composed air, and our supper was the feast of reason, if it was not the flow of soul: the respect which I felt for my venerable host, the more than respect which my lovely hostess inspired, my early and abrupt acquaintance prevented it. Eliza rather avoided than courted attention; her remarks were few and short; but they were dictated by the most refined delicacy, and the most enlarged understanding. In the morning I was to depart, for the reason of my visit was at an end, and the world was as before me; but every place, except this lovely retreat, was a desert. Though a traveller and a sojourner only who should look towards his home with rapture, I rather contemplated it with disgust, and anxiously endeavored to invent reasons for my longer stay.

I was early in the lawn, from whence I beheld a beautiful cascade, through woods, which, by their contrast embellished the plain before them, a scene unobserved from the perturberations of the former evening. While I admired the artless elegance which had formed the views, I saw Eliza in the grove, teaching the young osier to bend, and the flowret to lift its head.

The silent sorrow was still visible in her eye, and the faded cheek showed that she had been little indebted to the repose of the former night. Her behaviour was, as before, reserved and cautious; and we were soon summoned to breakfast. During our frugal repast the old gentleman agreeably surprised me, by saying, with a cordiality which would have induced me to assent, even had I not been inclined to obey: "If sir these rural scenes are agreeable to you, and it would not interfere with any business, which you may be engaged in, of greater importance, you will confer a favour on us by prolonging your stay. If we are indebted to an accident for your visit, permit me to hope that I may owe somewhat to your inclination. I returned a suitable answer and we soon became more sociable. After breakfast he led me to his library, which I found plentifully stored by ancient and modern authors.

In this retirement I remained four weeks;—my moments were filled up, when I was not employed in reading to improve myself, or to entertain Eliza, by fishing, hunting, in traversing the romantic forests, or in skimming over the limpid streams of the Congaree in a pleasant boat; in a word my amusements were so numerous and fascinating that the time glided imperceptibly by. I observed with pain that there was some secret grief preying upon the minds both of the old man and the daughter: I was much disturbed by this distress, for I will candidly acknowledge that she was not indifferent to me. Business, however, now peremptorily called me away from this terrestial paradise, and I could not leave the place where my heart should always remain without informing the fair possessor of it. I fancied that she regarded me with complacence, as in my company her sighs were less frequent and she was invariably more cheerful. In one of our usual morning rambles over the lawn, I ventured to tell her, that the pleasure of my visit would be very much alloyed, if I thought that my absence would not be in some measure regretted. "Indeed it will," said she, "for your company has greatly alleviated the distress of my father." "Why then will you not," said I, "permit me to complete the cure by binding myself over to you, and by contributing always to your comfort? Believe me you will bestow the greatest happiness which I am capable of receiving." She looked at me for a moment with attention, and burst into tears. All my attempts to console her were for some time vain; her distress seemed excessive. The first words which she uttered were, "Fly! Sir, fly! from this polluted mansion, and let not the contagion of my misery infect you also! I esteemed you too much to involve you in my calamities, which I hoped to confine to myself. I shall, if possible, doubly regret them, if you are brought to share them." It is not easy to describe the feelings of my mind upon hearing an address so violent and distressing. I stood for many moments gazing on her with wonder and amazement. But, recollecting myself, I led her to a seat, and with every reason and argument that my uncertain state would allow, endeavoured to compose her troubled spirits.

Her calmness at last returned, and she spoke to me, but was still interrupted with sobs and sighs. "Indeed, Sir, said she, I thought my distress could not admit of aggravation: that my portion, already too great, must be endured with an unceasing calmness; your company and conversation have relieved, in some degree, my father, and it has at times amused even my pains. I have thought, and indeed you will allow that it is not unnatural in a woman that has been flattered into beauty, that I might purchase this comfort at your expence; but my glass constantly discovers the change which my misconduct and misfortunes have occasioned. With my former appearance too, I have lost all my usual cheerfulness, and it must have been an uncommon share of vanity which could have suggested even to myself, that I possessed, at this time, any attractions. In this way, then Sir, I thought that I might safely sip of the cup of comfort when offered to me; and it is with double pain, that I find it must entail on you a portion of my sorrows. You must hear me," added she, with fresh resolution, seeing that I was going to interrupt her, "and you must determine to fly from me. I may be your friend; but can be, ought to be, no more. This is not affectation, or the trifling of an irresolute mind. Believe me, I will always continue in my present state; and would, without the least hesitation, prefer death to a matrimonial connexion."

Every argument which I could employ was equally ineffectual; and I left her in a state of uncertainty, which overwhelmed me, and with feelings so exquisite, that the succeeding night would be a punishment too great for my worst enemy. In the morning I was early, as usual, in the grove; Eliza was there before me; and, when I saw her, came up with a calm dignity and cool resolution which astonished me, when compared to the agony of the previous evening:—"I must *apologise*, Sir, for my conduct, when we last met; reflection has told me that your good opinion deserved a better return than the temporary fury which I could not then restrain; my sufferings ought to be all my own; and I should by no means merit the friendly esteem which I still wish to retain in your heart, if I did not take an early opportunity to ease that passion, which seems to have given you so much uneasiness, by showing you that my heart is not worth your attainment. The story will not be long; and if I should also forfeit your esteem as well as your love, it is a penalty which I ought to pay; for the punishment of imprudent conduct, though severe, should be also lasting."

"I was educated in this retirement, my chief amusement was reading; and I passed fifteen years in happiness. My cousin being married to an eminent physician, who resided in Charleston, requested me to spend the winter months with her, in order that I might share in the amusements of that fashionable city. At first I refused, but at the earnest and repeated solicitations of my father and cousin, I was induced to comply, much against my inclinations; splendor had for me no charms; I was sensible that I should venture much and gain little:—Arrived in the city, for some time all was gaiety and cheerfulness; but I entered the scenes of pleasure with a sigh, and saw all the splendid revelling with little emotion; I could not talk in the fashionable style; and when I ventured to express a sentiment, or to suggest a reflection, I found I was by no means attended to. At last, at a private ball, I met a young man, whom I must call Theodorus. He accidentally became my partner; and I received from him the usual civilities, accompanied by an air of timidity, the effect of a *mauvaise honte*, or of his being unaccustomed to similar scenes. I must confess, that I spent this evening with more pleasure than any former one; for, though timid in general company, with a few he was rational, easy, and entertaining. After that time he was frequently in company with me, and I treated him with sincerity and confidence. He declared his passion for me in the most interesting manner; and I told him, without affectation, that he was by no means indifferent to me. His subsequent conduct was equally respectable; but I could not then distinguish the cautious seducer, under the mask of the attentive lover; the guilt was hid, and it never took a more amiable form; you will excuse me for tracing the careful steps by which he gained my fullest confidence, and in one fatal moment betrayed it, and left me to perpetual distress."

"I must own to you all my folly, and will therefore confess, that we were far advanced on the road to Savannah, before I had obtained all that was then in my power, a faithful promise that, on our arrival, we should be united in the bonds of matrimony. But at Jacksonboro' we were overtaken by my father, who, with the husband of my cousin and another friend, tore me by force from his arms. This event awakened me from the delusion in which I had been so fatally buried—I saw all the folly and baseness of my conduct, and resigned myself almost to despair. For three weeks my distresses were alleviated by a delirium; but at last, my recollection and agonies returned—I saw my father constantly with me, yet I saw not the upbraiding look of anger, but the soft one of reconciliation and tenderness. It stabbed me with additional poignancy; and when I recovered a little reason, I told him that I could see the uplifted dagger with more firmness than his kindness, and could bear death better than forgiveness. He then assumed a more stern air, and reproved me for my foolish and rash speech. He told me, with composure, that I was ill prepared for such a change; that my heart required much correction, and that I had much to repent of, as well as to amend, before I could meet death, with calmness or propriety. "But do not despair Eliza," added he, "your good sense and your resolution will finally be successful. Whatever your fault may have been, if you sincerely repent of it, you shall not lose my protecting hand. In our retirement I will endeavor to heal those wounds which you have so severely felt, and in some measure deserved; and though you must expect the censures of the more severe of your sex, in my heart you shall still retain your former place. It is neither the part of a Christian or a father to be irreconcileable for the first fault, when the criminal both repents and resolves to amend."

My pains were at last in some degree soothed by the gentleness of a father so generous and good, who with the oil and the wine which he poured into my wounds, added also instruction and reproof. Although three years have now passed since this event, my tears flow daily, when the recollection of my fatal error recurs to my mind. Yet my venerable father, with his usual generosity, never mentions it, and consoles me for those neglects that insulted virtue thinks it ought to show to those guilty of my crime, with the utmost tenderness and goodness. Yet I see it rankles at his heart, and this gives fresh anguish to mine. The fond parent's hope, his wish and his pride, have been fatally destroyed by my trespass. He must now wear out his days in solitude, and no friendly hand will close his eyes, for the constant anguish which I feel for my faults, will not long permit me to give an adequate return of duty and attention to his lenity and forgiveness." A flood of tears again stopped her utterance. "Fly then, Sir, I again repeat it, for you will detest crimes like these; you will regret having for a moment cherished an offender so atrocious." I endeavoured, by every means in my power, to soothe the repentant Eliza; and having restored a calm to her mind, again assured her, that my heart was still equally attached to her, and my esteem yet undiminished. "No Sir," added she, "though I am infinitely indebted both to your esteem and generosity, I must decline this proposal. I cannot bring a polluted person to your arms, or stain that character, which at present appears fair and spotless. You must avoid these proposals or I must leave you—no power can ever change my resolution. I shall be happy in possessing your esteem: your love you must bestow on one more deserving of it; yet if I were to make one request, it would be to delay your journey. But even in that case it must be on the express understanding, that you do not urge me to alter my condition."

I staid a few days longer in this recess; frequently walked with Eliza; I joined her with my tears, when her passion was too urgent to be concealed; I endeavoured to rouse her resolution, when her distress was lessened, and sometimes, to check reflection by changing the subject of our conversation, to other topics. "Why will you endeavour," said she, one day, "to reconcile me to myself, and to the world? I ought to detest the one and leave the other; but you have convinced me that I have other duties, I see them, and will pursue them,—to you I owe everlasting obligations, and I wish that when you leave this spot, you will not entirely lose the remembrance of it." "The remembrance! when one day passes in which I do not recollect thee, Eliza! when one year, in which I do not cherish thy remembrance, with increasing fondness! may that year, or that day, be the last of my life." I tore myself from her arms, and from the embraces of her father, and returned to Charleston. I have since heard from him; and find that Eliza's composure is more and more established. A lady of good sense and virtue, of candor and resolution, has countenanced her with her smiles; and the neighbours almost begin to think, that a female may fall and *again* be virtuous. May the opinion strengthen with increasing time! and the philosophy, which detects errors in the calculation of eclipse, destroy those noxious weeds whose baneful influence obscures the most kindly and promising blossoms of the heart! those tares which oppose the dictates of tenderness and benevolence in bosoms of which they are the shining ornaments! If every misguided female were treated with propriety and candor, many might still be preserved, and rescued from that abyss of destruction into which, otherwise, they would be inevitably plunged.

I expect in the course of the year to make another tour to the upper part of this State, and if I find it possible, I will extend my journey to Richland District, where again I will see my Eliza. If I meet with any further adventure you shall again hear from me.

JUVENIS.

Charleston, S. C. April, 1827.

THE MORALIST.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

To see two rational beings, in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with the halo of happiness, appear together, and openly acknowledging their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sincerity of the solemn vows—to think of the endearing connexion, the important consequences, the final separation, the smile that kindles to ecstacy at their union must at length be quenched in the tears of mourning!—but while life continues, they are to participate in the same joys, to endure the like sorrows, to rejoice and weep in unison. This is the most interesting spectacle that social life exhibits.

SUNDAY.

The daily occurrences of a week of business absorb the mind so much, that were it not for the regular return of Sabbath the majority of human beings would nearly forget that any thing else was necessary in this world, but money when it is needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover, luxuries to feel our pampered appetites. But christianity has consulted the wants of man, and the weakness of his nature, by the institution of one day in seven.

How happy the virtuous man must feel to escape from the trammels of a bad world to one day of sober reflection, or pious indulgence, or of religious consolation! The mariner, who after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some verdant island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his good fortune, than he, who having weathered the misgivings of the week, sits down to his own pew, in his own church, and joins in the service and praise of his great Maker.

THE REVOLUTION OF A YEAR.

"These regular returning aspects of nature which divide man's time into equal parts, and which he has only to number as they succeed, like the lettered stones erected on the sides of our roads, to inform the traveller what space of ground he has traversed, serve to give notice to the passenger through human life, how far he has proceeded in his path to the grave.—Most pointed are the marks, most forcible are the mementos of their expiration. They irresistibly rouse our attention to the wings of time, and force us to take notice of his flight. Nature signifies it to us by no faint intimations; she proclaims it with a loud voice—she paints it in strong colours. The monitor must and will be heard. Vegetation starts from the ground—a green resurrection surprises the eye—the leaf fades and falls—the forest is stripped—the shower is frozen—and the waters are fettered to spur to his duties irresolute and procrastinating man! This repeated proclamation of nature to mankind, which revolving seasons successively utter, that their years are rolling swiftly, once in every year it is their custom to echo. Once in every year they tell one another what nature tells them more than once—that those longest periods of their time are passing rapidly from them! Another of those years of which only a few make up the life of man, is become a part of the irrevocable past! A year is a season of magnitude in the little life of man. It is an ample stride to the tomb. A few more strides will bring us all thither!"

THE SHIP OF THE DEAD.

In the dreariest month of a dreary season, the ship Aurora sailed towards America, from the Baltic, with a small crew composed of twenty fierce sailors, one female passenger, and a boy, the wife and son of the commander, Eric Hermanwald; a man whose keen fierce eye was almost the interpreter of his wishes to his seamen, who seldom heard him speak, except in a strange compound of Saxon and Danish exprations. Gestures, furious grimaces, and blows were his usual eloquence, even to his wife and child, though his miserable wife was sinking under the hardships of a long voyage to a bitter climate. They soon terminated the struggles of a broken heart; and her body was given to the sea, without even a look from her husband, or a tear from her darling boy, whose attention was fixed at that instant on a white bird, which had fallen, exhausted by a long emigration, on the deck. He sprang to catch it, as it lay fluttering; but a stern shout at it by one of the crew, in wantonness or cruelty, fell on his hand and crushed it. His father, who had seen the act, and the effect, levelled the offender at his feet, exclaiming in the Hanoverian dialect, which he had never been heard to use before—"Dog! the blood which drops from that boy's hand is the richest in the country." "More shall follow it," said the surly Saxon, putting his drawn knife suddenly into his own sleeve. The captain construing the movement into a threat of assassination, ordered him to be instantly and heavily ironed. No one hesitated to obey, and Sturm was dragged to the yard-arm to receive his punishment; but Hendrig, the commander's son, leaped on his neck, and entreated pardon for the accidental blow he had received. Either the caresses of his child, or the silent submission of the mutineer, relaxed Eric's wrath, and he scornfully bade him thank Hendrig for his life. "I will owe it to you, not to the boy," said Sturm, turning his back, "I keep my accounts with men."

At the third watch of that night, while the vessel was sailing tranquilly, her captain's sleep was broken by a singular noise. He roused himself, and found the door of his cabin barred against him.—Eric's frame was as vigorous as his spirit, and seizing his cutlass and his pistols, he hurled the door from its hinges, and had mounted half the ladder with one step when twenty knives and bludgeons assailed him. His desperate courage forced his way, and, thrusting his pistol into the powder-room, he called on the mutineers to see him fire it, at the instant that Sturm's entered his back, and he fell dead. Storm boldly putting his foot on the body, and, seizing the boy, who ran shrieking to his father, said to his comrades, "We have closed accounts with the man—let me pay the child."

Seven or eight hours devoted to the madness of intoxication, buried nearly half the crew in sleep—while the rest disputed to whom they should give the authority they had usurped. Wasted provisions, empty casks, and broken weapons strewed the deck, when the stupid ruffians awoke and found themselves far from the track. Cries and commands, which all made and none obeyed, occupied the time that might have retrieved their error. They were urged rapidly forward by a south-east wind into a latitude beyond their chart, while despair, hunger, and the remains of delirious intemperance, rendered the crew frantic.

Cold and fogs increased their sufferings and dismay, till a few biscuits, and a small cask of fresh water were all that remained of their stock. These were soon consumed by two or three of the boldest desperadoes, and quarrels produced by rage and frenzy, saved nearly half the crew from the lingering tortures of famine. Those that survived assembled on the fifth day of their undirected course, to debate by what means they should avoid or delay their fate. Sturm presided at this gloomy meeting, and the first proposition was to throw the orphan-boy into the sea, and draw lots to decide what man should be sacrificed to preserve the rest a little longer. "I have the right to command once, at least," said Sturm, laying his sabres deliberately before him, and placing the half-starved and terrified child between his knees, "I freed you from your captain, and now without the mummery of drawing lots, I will free you from this useless boy, and myself of a troublesome life. Give me one of the boats, a biscuit, and this child, and you may see what chance will do for you. I choose to die on land," he added with a deadly smile, "for this boy's father lies under the sea, and I could not rest there." If either malice or craft lurked against him in the minds of his three companions, his stern and resolute tone, and the assent he gave so readily to their savage selfishness prevented any opposition. But one of these men, more shrewd or less human than the rest, conceived that a speech in which such singular disregard of life was hinted, must conceal some sinister purpose. Seizing the cutlass, which Sturm had placed unguardedly out of his own grasp, he gave a signal which the confederates obeyed, and rolling Sturm with the dying child, in a pile sail cloth, they threw him into the smallest boat, and launched it without oar or sail into the sea. As the current bore it from them, they saw the body of their captain rise breast-high above the water, and follow his murderer erect till both were out of sight*.

Sturm, framed for desperate efforts, and not yet subdued by hunger, soon released his arms and eyes from their covering, and found his little bark speeding towards an object dimly seen through the haze of those northern regions. When the distant object revealed itself more distinctly, Sturm perceived a ship, whose bare masts seemed whitened by the frost of this dismal climate. Neither sails nor tackle were discernable, but a few human figures were on the forecastle, stiffening and bleaching in the wind.

Whether it moved by the force of the current, or from the steerage of invisible hands, Sturm dared not guess; and perhaps the dizziness of hunger increased the seeming motion of the object he gazed on. He saw, as he believed, the *Ship of Death*, which every seaman of the Baltic and Atlantic expects to behold when his death doom is certain.—Suddenly it appeared to remain fixed, and Sturm felt his own boat drawn toward it with such hopeless horror as the Belgian culprit feels when he approaches, step by step, the deadly embrace of his executioner. Sturm's iron heart sunk under this slow and freezing summons to death, and, shrouding himself in the sail meant for his wielding sheet, he laid his head on the breast of the sleeping child, as if in a sanctuary, and closed his eyes. A violent concussion broke his trance, and the last instinct of nature enabled him to grasp firmly the substance on which he was thrown. It was ice, but the strong agony of struggling life gave his hand sufficient power, and a few moments restored him intellect enough to direct him into a hollow or cove made by fragments of broken glacier. There lay a human skeleton white and almost chrystalized; but beside was a shape which notwithstanding its crust of congealed snow resembled a seaman's bottle. Sturm broke it eagerly, and in the centre of a mass of ice, found about a cupfull of such potent spirit as recalled almost all the vigor and warmth of his breast. The child, muffled in the same sail cloth which wrapped him, shared his escape, and was soon made to partake the cordial he had found. His boat lay shattered into splinters among the spikes of ice which had entangled it; and Sturm ascending one perceived that the ice-island he now trod on, resembled the ribs and deck of a stately ship. A few columns of fantastic ice stood at unequal distances, in postures strongly resembling statues of shrouded men. Sturm trembled as he looked, and his bewildered imagination gave to one of them the features and form of him he had murdered. He sank on his knees, and remembering the awful office assigned by superstition to the ship of Death, conceived himself selected to endure the weight of retribu-

* This circumstance often occurs when a drowned body has reached a state of putrefaction

eye-witness. Fear, exhaustion, and the fumes of spirit, too powerful for his weakened frame, produced the torpor which most resembles death, and oftenest precedes it in the shipwrecked. He slept till awakened by a torch and the touch of an old man wrapped in a fur cloak, with a gigantic Newfoundland dog by his side.

"Are there not two of you here?" said the old man, raising his lighted pine branch, and looking round. Storm replied by feebly raising the sailcloth and pointing to the boy, whose warmth, as he lay nestled in his breast, had probably preserved his life. "That is well," rejoined the stranger—"two nights ago I dreamed that five living creatures were in this Ship of the Dead:—next night I saw but four; and this hour, my sleep showed me only two. Therefore I came, for to-morrow would have been too late." The Saxon's blood ran still colder, while this aged seer and his sons placed him in a cot made of bear skins, and carried him as in a hammock toward a recess, where, stiffened in death, on each side of a burning fire-trunk, he saw two of his comrades in postures such as our poet has imagined for two enemies expiring together in the darkness of the last day.—The body of a third lay at some distance, mangled as it seemed by violence. The prophet's family were inhabitants of a lonely creek on the coast of Labrador, not far from this isle of death; and Storm suffered them to convey him with his helpless child to their little pinnace and hospitable hut. A few days spent under their bountiful and simple care, with the aid of such medicaments as superstition sanctifies, gave strength and hope to the solitary sufferer. Yet he became silent and melancholy, replied in few words to their questions respecting his shipwreck, and shunned all proposals to domesticate or ally himself with them. He worked diligently as a carpenter, and promised his aid in constructing a better boat. They furnished him with materials; and after a year laboriously spent, he completed a six-oared cutter, and witnessed the Jubilee which such an event produced. But on the morning which followed their revel, the fishermen found their old boat, the provisions they had stowed in it, their guest, and his adopted son gone forever.

Many years after this adventure, Eric, Lord of Hermanwald and his young heir, re-appeared at their estate in the district of Hanover. This traveller, better known to the world as the Chevalier Megret, was one of the few who stood beside the unfortunate Charles XII. at the siege of Frederickshall, when he received the shot which ended his career; and Megret's celebrated words—"*the play is over—let us begone*"—were still remembered by those who hated the traitor, though they hired the treason. Therefore he had quitted the associates and the scenes he then frequented, and the engineer Megret transformed himself into Baron Hermanwald, proprietor of the large estate and Mountain House of Heinrichshohe, from whence, after a short residence, he disappeared with his wife and only son, reporting among his neighbors and dependants that his health required a visit to the South of Europe. Ten years had elapsed, when he announced his return, and settled as a disconsolate widower and a professed misanthropist, in entire seclusion. No one sought to interrupt it; but his son as he advanced to manhood, showed an uncontrollable genius for military affairs. He entered that celebrated regiment which Frederick the Great made his chief pride and delight. Young Hermanwald's fine person and noble deportment, added to the professional skill he derived from his parental tutor, entitled him to distinction in a corps so select; and he held a captain's rank with such severe discipline as Frederick himself could not have excelled. Among the privates was a youth about the same age, of admirable proportions, and very engaging countenance, which bore a comparison even with his young commander's, and had been noticed by the king when on parade. Frederick's humour for multiplying and improving his favourite race is sufficiently well known, and the circumstance now connected with my story is upon record in his history. Taking his usual morning ride without attendants, he saw a young Lithuanian peasant girl, with the fine complexion and large stature peculiar to her province, gathering flax near his road. He called her, and writing a few lines on a slip of paper, bade her deliver them to Count Lieuwen at Konigsberg. The dollar which accompanied this commission, did not blind the girl's prudence. She knew the keen blue eye and rapid gestures of her Sovereign; and when his horse was out of sight, delivered his paraded billet and piece of silver to a decrepid old woman who assisted her labors in the flax field. Bowed Gotha received them both with great joy, and executed her task as speedily as possible. Count Lieuwen's surprise when he opened the paper and looked on the porteress, was extreme; for the message was, "marry the bearer of these lines to Hendrig, of the 4th, instantly, and see the marriage performed yourself." Lieuwen was colonel of the boasted regiment, and poor Hendrig obeyed his summons without any apprehension of the lot prepared for him, till the Count, with a smothered smile, inquired if Gotha had any objection to the order, which he repeated to her? her acquiescence, with the astonishment of his young subaltern were too ridiculous even for a Prussian officer's dignity: but the good dame, drawing Hendrig aside whispered in his ear, "Sign the mock contract—it may save you from a worse." Lieuwen laughed heartily, offered Hendrig two six dollars and a marriage dinner to smooth the sacrifice, which he knew his master's temper too well to delay: and when Frederick saw his favourite troop drawn out, he inquired if the marriage had been duly celebrated. Lieuwen's smile provoked his curiosity, and he ordered the new-joined pair to stand before him. Even Frederick himself could not resist the ridiculous contrast. But presently changing his mirth to anger, he ordered their union to be instantly dissolved. Count Lieuwen was no less surprised when Hendrig modestly, yet firmly begged it might be permitted to remain valid. Frederick was more enraged than before, and threatened him with an instant dismission from his colours. "I am proud of them," said the young soldier, "but much prouder of my wife." "Thou art a silly fellow," returned the king—"and thy wife will punish thee better than I." So saying, and turning on his heel with his own sly smile, he left the bridegroom to the ridicule of his comrades. No man understood the use of that powerful weapon better than the captain of the regiment, young Hermanwald; and secretly envying his exquisite symmetry and natural grace, he did not disdain to use it against Hendrig. The bitter scoff which he levelled at him before they quitted the parade, provoked the private soldier to reply, "If I was an officer, and your equal, I would answer you." The regiment returned to its barracks, and on the following morning Hendrig found a sealed commission lying on his table, enclosed with these words from his captain—"I was mistaken and forgot myself. If you condescend to remember and resent the affront, we are equals now, and the rampart will serve for our private meeting at daybreak."—Hendrig did not neglect the appointment and first putting his right hand into the young officer's, he returned him the commission with the other. "I believe you are right," said the generous boy, "it ought to come from a better hand." He said no more on the subject, merely returning Hendrig's friendly gesture; but a few days after Frederick himself gave the colours into his hand, asking if he had any other wish—"I do this to please myself," added this kingly soldier—"I must do something more to gratify your new friend, Hermanwald." Hendrig replied, that he could ask no greater honour than to serve by his side.

From that moment an affecting and noble intimacy began between the young ensign and his seeming benefactor. The decrepid old matron from whom it had sprung was never seen in public, and it was whispered that her husband gave her the largest part of his pay as the price of her retirement. The first leave of absence was solicited by Hermanwald for himself and his friend, that he might introduce him, as he said, to the friendship and protection of his recluse father, Eric of Heinrichshohe. They set out together, unattended, except by one person, to the Mountain-House, situated among the Hartz territories in Hanover. The sun was just rising above the horizon, and a few thick clouds were gathered on the pinnacles of the surrounding hills. As the travellers ascended a pile of granite rocks called the Temples (anzel, they saw in the distance before them, among volumes of white clouds which rolled like the billows of a hazy ocean, a semblance of a Ship with bare masts, and human figures tenanted on the deck. Young Hermanwald saw his companion grow pale, and fix his eyes intently on the apparition, which gradually sunk and disappeared. They pursued their way toward the Worm Mountains, conversing on the Giant Spectre of the Broken, which for so many years has been the wonder of rustic Hanoverians, and the speculation of curious travellers. Hermanwald had wit and science, and he talked ingeniously on those deceptions of the atmosphere, and that morbid state of the brain, which, without other prejudice or superstition, may combine to form certain images. "But," said the person who accompanied their route, "what was there in the sun-beam or the vapors to create the likeness of a ship? We might have seen our own shadows on the Anchte immutable, because, as learned men say, these clouds reflect them; but where were the masts and ship's crew?" "I did not say I saw them," said Hermanwald gravely, and Hendrig mused a long time before he answered—"Perhaps I have read and thought too much on this subject, because I wish to find an excuse or a reason for my feelings. Both have been easily found, and it is no shame to say I may be one of those who have been duped by recollected images too strongly impressed, or by the power which the eye possesses of presenting those images as if real. Caution saw the apparition of a man he feared was in danger; and Dr. Boone saw the wife he loved so fondly, passing through his room in Paris, with her long hair loose, and her dead infant in her arms, when both, in fact, were in London. These, and all that we hear, of familiar demons and warning ghosts, seem very reasonably referred by modern physicians to the eye's creation, not in wilful delusion or imposture, the eye being ruled and swayed by such images as possess or disease the brain." No wonder, therefore, if I saw, or thought I saw, the Ship of the Dead, in that atmospheric mirror; or, if I now imagine that I see in the river which runs beside us, the upright body of a man floating half raised above the water, and looking sternly at us."—Hermanwald and his attendant paused, drawing back from Hendrig with surprise and horror—"There is no such spectre visible to your eyes," continued the young man, smiling faintly—"but I have seen it in every flood and sea I have passed since my fifth year: and I see the same man with his look wet hair, his large seared forehead, and his hammock-sewn loosely round his shoulders, running by my side, whether I am on horseback or on foot, alone or in company; and his glazed eye seems fixed on me, as it fixes now."

They were now at the foot of a shelving eminence hung thickly with black pines intermixed over the narrow steps hewn between rocks which formed an ascent to the Mountain-House, where the elder Hermanwald resided. A strange chant, proceeding from unseen voices, interrupted the travellers' discourse, and they saw a few lean hag-like figures sweeping up the stony stairs, carrying vessels filled with water, and imbuing their labour with a national ditty, according to the custom of their province. "Now," said the young nobleman to his companion, "if English theories are right, your spectre ought to be, not a drowned man, but an industrious old dame in the shape of these: for they resemble your wife, whose image has the best right to be in your heart." And laughing as he spoke, he entered his father's portal, followed by Hendrig and by one of these ancient women, who suddenly thrust herself between the gates, and entered with them. Surprised at such audacity, young Hermanwald turned back to punish it, and recognized Hendrig's wife. His anger instantly seemed changed to mirth; and mistaking the paleness of Hendrig's countenance for an expression of chagrin and confusion, he gave scope to his frolic temper, and seizing the decrepid beldame's hand, with a mock air of profound respect, ushered her ceremoniously in the presence chamber, where the master of the Mountain House waited for them.—Already acquainted with the comic romance of Hendrig's marriage, his son's few such words of affected introduction informed him how to receive the wrinkled and deformed creature he called the young ensign's bride. He rebuked his son's mirth with a side look of displeasure, and endeavoured to conciliate Hendrig by an air of serious courtesy to his strange follower. But his surprise was great when the withered and infirm old woman, gathering her tattered cloak under her arm, and putting back its hood, shewed a grim bare head, and limbs of most masculine proportion. Striking toward old Hermanwald, she stood erect before him, saying, in a voice which sounded as if from the depths of a vast cavern—"I thou art Eric of Heinrichshohe, who am I?"—The lord of the Mountain House was silent, and his son doubted whether he looked on a human shape or a spectre, such as the Giant of the Broken. After a moment's pause, the stranger drew forth the sleeve of a blue uniform coat, its cuff red with blood, and held it near old Hermanwald, but he did not appear to view it with any feeling of surprise or dismay. "You mean to awe me with hints of murder," said he, suddenly assuming fierceness—"but I am no assassin—Eric of Heinrichshohe—that is—myself, was cast upon the Ship of the Dead, and rescued by providential incidents. My son was with me, and we escaped from Labrador together; the Aurora perished with all her freight and all her crew: though I, her commander, was exposed to the hazard of a boat without rigging, and returned in safety." Without changing his aspect or his attitude, the pretended female fixed a ghastly eye upon the impostor, and replied—"If thou hadst been Eric, thou would have known Storm, the sailor, who threw his captain into the sea, and saw his body follow him to the Ship of the Dead. And this boy well remembers that ship, and that body, which have haunted us, sleeping and waking, till this day. If thou wast Eric, thou wouldst have remembered the coat sleeve of the king, whose blood was shed in Eric's presence, when he who is now called Baron of Hermanwald, was the engineer Megret. I have kept it as a holy relic, as an evidence of my truth, and as an evidence of abounding justice. I killed my enemy, but his son shall have restitution."

And this singular man, whose wild, yet noble spirit, had borne him through every species of desolate danger and abject disguise, repeated this testimony to the Aulic tribunal of justice. To rescue Hendrig's inheritance from an usurping impostor, he avowed the murder which would have subjected him to death, himself, had not his judges pardoned his guilt to the father, in consideration of his generous love to the son. And that son paid the beneficence of his young commander by sharing his restored estates with him; while Storm spent his remaining life in deep repentance and visionary musings on the Ship of the Dead.

* The visions of Ben Johnson, of Tasso, and many others more ancient, seem to be of this class. The first volume of the "Memoirs of Literature," published in 1714, contains very diverting instances; and Dr. Ferrier has collected some very modern ones, especially the story of a Highland lady, who possessed one half a gentleman's ghost while her sister was visited by the other. Some of the Hanoverian rocks above mentioned, rudely resemble the ribs and stern of a ship, and thus might have produced the visionary Ship of the Dead.

From the Reformer.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

As might have been expected from the highhanded measures that have been pursued by those termed "intolerants" among the Friends, a large body of the representatives and ministers at the late Yearly Meeting in this place, met at the meeting house in Green street, and unanimously resolved to come out from under the jurisdiction and authority of the chief elders and rulers in this city, and be no longer subject to their power and dictation. They have prepared an Address to the members composing the various Quarterly Meetings, stating their grievances and intentions, and are taking measures preparatory to the establishment of a Yearly Meeting, more tolerant in its principles, and better adapted for securing their rights and privileges. In this movement are a number of ministers and members of the first standing in the society. Among the ministers are Abraham Lower, Edward Hicks, and John Comly, author of the Spelling-book and English Grammar, now in such general use in these parts.

It is expected that most of the Quarterly Meetings will unite in the measure which has been taken, and that the head Elders and their partizans in this place will be left quite in the minority. Situated as the Society has been for some time past, what has been done seems the only proper course that could be taken for securing peace and tranquility among both the parties. It was sufficiently manifested that they could not be reconciled with each other or act in harmony, and disagreement in religious bodies, and still continuing together in that disagreement, are above every thing else destructive to true religion, to peace and enjoyment. A General Meeting of the Friends favourable to the establishment of a new Yearly Meeting, is to be held at the Green Street Friends' Meeting-house in this city the first Monday in June next, after which, or sooner, we shall be able to give our readers further particulars on the subject.

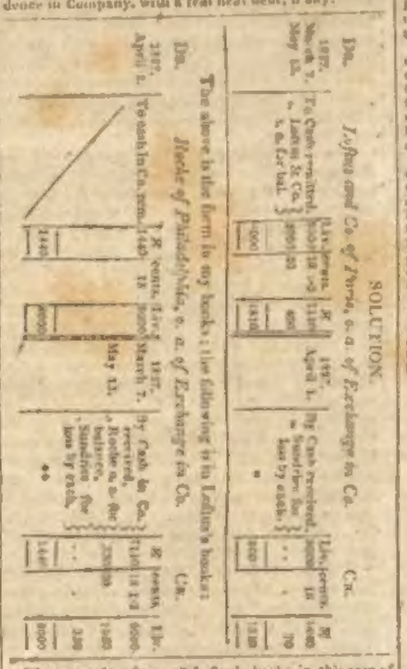
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BOOK-KEEPING DEBASED.

In the Saturday Evening Post of 13th instant, appeared, over the signature C. C. Marsh, what indeed we had reason to expect. To avoid harshness, I shall forbear to give it an appropriate name. The Spectator says, that "the brain of a man, in his time, was not coal brain, but something that looked like brain. Let me not be misunderstood to convey any allusion to modern brains, whether they are genuine or counterfeit, barren or productive of folly—by no means; but I do allude to Book-keeping.

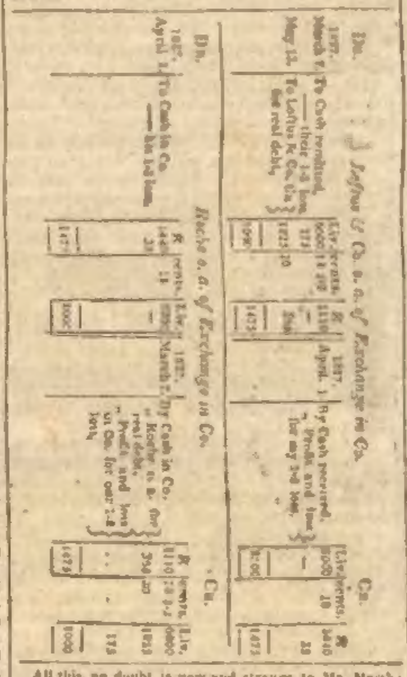
I was led to think I should first have to analyze Mr. Marsh's solution to question 2; but I find he has constrained me to order by setting the example himself, and leaving question 1 on my hitherhand. He says, "question 1, has in it no foundation to set upon—it is nothing—it can prove nothing, &c." Not, indeed I believe, to him. But let us see, without further waste of time, if it will not prove something.

Question 1. In Loftus & Company of Paris, our account of exchange in Co., I find a balance due of me, and a loss by exchange in my books; required the corresponding state of Loftus's books, in plain language; and likewise my entries and his, so as now to discontinue the correspondence in Company, with a real neat debt, if any?



The state, therefore, of Loftus's books, in this case of the proposition before us, is in plain language as follows: There is a balance due to Loftus in his books, in the former columns, equal to the difference between the balance and loss in my books, which estimated to the outer columns, shows a loss in his books equal to that in mine. Said balance together with half the loss is equal to the real debt due to Loftus and Co. of *ten*.

The above specimen is on Jackson's plan, and is so plain that the most ignorant book-keeper cannot fail to understand it; even Mr. Marsh must see that it is *something*. But the following is the improved method for Loftus:—



All this, no doubt, is new and strange to Mr. Marsh: if he can not understand it, sure he can say "it proves nothing." I expect he will hardly thank me for my pains in thus explaining to him; but no matter, I bear the gentleman no enmity; and if I can but convey to him a little knowledge on a subject so very interesting to him, I shall not repine. Nay, to do this the more effectually, I shall go further, and disclose to him, by the bye, that in Dodgen's Book-keeping, a Dublin work, he may see a sketch of Loftus on the improved plan, which, though imperfect in itself, will prove to him of great importance, in as much as it will enable him, with, perhaps, four weeks study, to know something of that department of book-keeping; and then (between ourselves,) he will not blunder so much.—But enough about Loftus.

Now to question 2. What, let me ask, has Mr. Marsh proved in his reiterated endeavours to solve this proposition, which (I thank the gentleman) he allows to be "an important question?" Why, he has shown that stock account does indeed close? But has not Jackson shown the same thing vastly better in his three ledgers? Aye, in three large complicated sets of accounts, embracing a copious and very extensive variety of commercial transactions. Is it not better shown by Bennet, by Davis—in short by every writer on book-keeping, even by Mr. Hitchcock? Mr. Marsh has confined his little explanation, "original" forsooth! within limits truly narrow in every sense, even to the four accounts of stock, cash, profit and loss, and balance; and to 1 cent capital, and 2 cents gain! as if apprehensive that overstepping these bounds would expose him, if not to the fate of Remus, at least to the manifest risque of losing himself in the multiplied foldings of the distended mass, and bewildering his four weak disciples; and then, alas for poor pelf! Is this indeed the analytical investigation required in my question? Is there any one analyzing principle advanced by him throughout? Yes, there is one, and only one—that "the amount of debit sums is always equal to the amount of credit," in every particular entry. But for this he is not entitled to any credit of originality, since it is well known to every other smatterer in book-keeping as well as to him; even to one week students. Where then is the *analytical investigation*?—Oh, sooner, hast thou fled, and left us only such paltry tumbling for thy substitute!!

Why has he not shown upon genuine principles, and under all circumstances, that stock account ought to arise from its natural connection with that system of which it is itself the head and soul? The reason is obvious. He would if he could. He states with much confidence, that "the nature of balance account is diametrically opposite to that of stock account;" and this assertion he makes the foundation of his whole fabric. Why not say as much for cash and profit and loss, whom he might with equal propriety? But how loftering must be his elementary edifice when, in fact, balance account, so far from being opposed to stock account, is perfectly consistent with it. He may, possibly, by translating his own ideas into such persons as his own pupils, persuade them to be of his opinion; and to such book-keepers of course my assertion will appear paradoxical. But as a regular solution to question 2 would render this piece much too long, and I do not wish to put myself to further expence on this subject, I pledge myself to the public to furnish that solution, at either the office of the Democratic Press, or that of the Saturday Evening Post, or at both, if Mr. Marsh, or any other person, will thank proper to defray the charges of publication. I want nothing for myself in the end. And then if said solution, involving also my above assertion, do not prove fully satisfactory to every intelligent book-keeper, not wilfully incredulous, the money shall be refunded at my expence. I hardly think Mr. Marsh will ever get so much genuine information cheaper, if he wishes for that kind of knowledge.

It is time to consider Professor Marsh's essay on question 3. The public will be able to form a due estimate of his pretensions, when they know that he has yet to learn the nature of *Cash in Company*, which is a considerable portion of the science of book-keeping. Pray Mr. Marsh allow me to ask with great respect why you have not studied the third set of that eminent but most excellent school book, Jackson's Book-keeping? Perhaps for you it was too long. But Mr. Bennet assures you to his exercise, that Jackson's is incomparably the best system that was ever put to press.

In that third set, under date of January 11, you might find the opening article of Cash in Co., of which Co. Anthony Arthur is manager, and Ben. Butler, Constantine Cooper, and you, (if you read the article,) the other partners. Really, Sir, I find now it was my mistake to think that no teacher of book keeping could be so wilfully regardless of his credit with the public, as not to have acquainted himself with the fact, at least, that there was such a thing; much less, Sir, a gentleman of your high character and superlative cleverness. Only see what an advantage even that slender spark of intelligence would have been to you now, for it would have led you to understand the meaning of my question to be as follows:—That I was the accredited manager in place of A. Arthur, that A. Arthur, B. Butler, and C. Cooper, were the other three partners, or in their stead any other three persons you please in my neighbourhood, and that Lewis Loftus was but a correspondent or factor of ours, not by

* That is, by Loftus & Co. mle for their half loss, 838, and by Profit and Loss for my half, 838.

** That is, by Rieke c. a. for his half loss, 178 livres; and by Profit and Loss in Co. for our half, 178 livres.

any means a partner. That I kept the accounts of this and similar separate set of books, called Books in Co. had no concern in my own proper books, which also they met of the two at times, except through the current channels and their ends: I kept the Loss and Gain Book from my private account separate sheet or desk, distinct.

If this were not the case,

any consistency, "required solving, how could I, with books and books proper, and sheets both in the Co. their books," for the gift they had a partners' entries in true book-keeper does not mistake entered on me? The nor need the aid of whose key explanation of this nature, which however are so indispensable to Mr. —— the above, in accordance with his short method brevity, &c. who, whole company in London, and of course their heard the supposed me their factor in Philadelphia, and expected stepping with ease across the ocean to make entries in the company's books, and then in a twinkling back again to set down corresponding ones in my proper books. Perhaps Mr. Marsh himself can show by what steamer power I could transmit to Lestock & Co. in London, the account sales, and receive back their instructions, even before I had time to enter in my books what had occurred on the spot, and under my own eye: for it could not be by steam power either high or low; and the carrier pigeons of Turkey I doubt we must fail in the expedition. I believe nothing short in celerity of Mr. Marsh's own towering genius could accomplish the speedy passage of the Atlantic.—Strange obliquity of conception!

I wonder Mr. Marsh had not a little of the prudent reserve of his professional brethren, who not feeling themselves exactly competent wisely kept aloof, and let him fight the battle alone. He, in his chivalrous spirit, stood forth the champion of the common cause; and they, standing spectators, cannot but witness the impotence of his struggle. It would be inutile to come to his assistance; and it is time.

Now as I am of the opinion that he may be very sincere in

EPITOME OF NEWS.

On Tuesday evening, about eight o'clock, an alarm of fire was raised, and while running an engine from the house, in Second street below German street, the wheels unfortunately passed over the breast of Mr. Pratt, who died shortly afterwards, leaving a family to deplore his loss.

The president of the Commissioners of the Northern Liberties, has offered a reward of Two Hundred Dollars, for the apprehension of persons concerned in wilfully causing any of the late destructive fires in that district.

A second Automaton Chess Player is advertised for exhibition in New York—he commenced on Monday evening, with a full house.

The drawing of the New York Consolidated Lottery, class No. 1, for 1827, took place on Wednesday. The following are the drawn numbers:—6—53—50—25—27—12—18—20—3.

A man was found on the 11th inst. hung to a tree by a red silk handkerchief, near the road side, a short distance from Salisbury on the Lancaster road—he was was well dressed, and from certain books in his pocket it is thought his name was Doll. That name was also marked on some of his clothing.

The U. S. frigate Constellation, arrived at Pensacola on the 28th ult.

Commodore Hull, together with Captain Crane, and several junior officers of the Navy, arrived in Boston on Saturday.

On Thursday morning, the 10th instant, a son of Hugh Horner, of Allen township, Northampton county, Pa. about five years old, fell into a kettle of hot soap. He was immediately immersed in cold water, and a physician brought in, but he survived only about 24 hours.

On Tuesday night, at New-York, Mr. Robert Stakes, who kept a livery stable, was stabbed in the left side with a knife by a man named Hugh M'Clellan, and survived but a short time. M'C. was immediately taken into custody.

Captain Chandler, of the steamboat Fort Adams, was shot at Mobile in the latter part of last month, by a man who had been under his employ, and was flogged. But small hopes were entertained for the captain's recovery, and the fellow had not been apprehended.

On the 29th of April Mr. Robertson made a second aerostatic ascent in New Orleans, accompanied by a lady attached to the New Orleans Theatre. The balloon descended on the opposite side of the river, and the aeronauts returned to the city after an absence of two hours and a half.

The Hessian Fly is committing great ravages among the Wheat, in some parts of Chester County.

The Long Island Star mentions, that a very large Otter, was lately caught at Gowanus, two miles from Brooklin Ferry, N. Y. near Mr. Encke's mill, the skin of which sold for six dollars.

The senate of Mexico have ratified the British treaty by an unanimous vote.

At a late military training in Pike township, Bradford County, Pa. a man named Evetts, aged 75, was killed by Nathaniel Platt; previously to the murder, Platt had nearly gouged out both of the old man's eyes.

The police of Albany, have closed their examinations in the case arising out of the murder of Mr. Whipple; and Jesse Strange has been fully and finally committed for trial next August.

From the 12th to the 17th of May, 28 boats left Mount Carbon. Their loading consisted in 651 tons of coal, 40 tons of flaxseed and wheat, and 12 tons of lumber.

In Missouri, has been found great plenty of Calomine, the ore of Zinc, usually employed to make brass and to furnish spelter.

Commodore Rodgers was at Port Mahon on the 16th March, all well. The Constitution was to sail from thence to Smyrna soon; had one mast defective, which was to be fished and repaired.

The foundation of a new State Capitol, has been laid in Frankfort, (Ky.) It is to be built of hewn stone.

Cost of Newspapers.—The yearly advertisers to the London Papers pay $175 each—in New York they pay $10—in Philadelphia $50.

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1827.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the favours of our correspondents "Anna," "Selim," "Grasgaya," "Virginia," "Roland," "J. J." "Ivanhoe," "C. I." &c. &c. &c. &c.

A file of late Paris and London papers from Mr. T. Snowden, of the N. Y. National Advocate, have been received.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR.

JOHN B. GIBSON, Esq. Chief Justice of the state of Pennsylvania, in the room of William Tilghman, Esq. deceased.

HORACE BINNEY, Esq. one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, in the room of J. B. Gibson, promoted.

JONATHAN ROBERTS, canal commissioner in the room of Dr. Darlington, resigned.

We learn from a correspondent that hydraulic Lime, or Roman cement, and stone coal, have lately been discovered in Perry county, Pa. and iron ore in great quantities; and there is but little doubt that coal could be found if looked for. There is in this county sulphur springs, warm springs, and cold springs in abundance.

Have you been to see the Photographical Painting Rooms and to get your likeness taken? Surely this opportunity ought not to be lost. The Artist, who recently arrived in this country, has brought out with him a patent machine, constructed on Mathematical principles, which does not fail to give a faithful and striking outline of the features, in a few seconds—it then undergoes the finishing strokes of the pencil, and the gentleman who performs the task certainly has a happy talent in producing a likeness.—We could recommend our readers who wish to preserve profiles of themselves or their friends to encourage this artist—his prices are very moderate—the rooms are in the house No. 105 Chesnut street, opposite the office of the American Daily Advertiser.

ROBERT S. COFFIN.

What human being is there, who in the career of his professions or his pleasures, does not sometimes pause in the din of business, or the giddiness of enjoyment, and ask, with a seriousness that denotes an immortality of hopes—how will men speak of me when their judgment of my actions shall cease to be influenced by my presence? "Shall the evil that I do live after me, and the good be interred with my bones?" Men pause, we believe, to make this inquiry, most momentous to their present and their future fame; and happy is he who, when he puts the question, does not start, like Pilate, from the judgment seat, afraid of the answer that an unerring respondent will give.

This anxiety for the opinion of others, this clearness of posthumous fame, so far from being a reputable vanity, should be regarded as the most efficient incitement to virtuous actions. He who lives regardless of the good opinions of mankind, may be suspected of having outlived those good opinions; and the last service that can be rendered to the memory of those whose errors have brought upon them the censure of the virtuous, is to show that even while living in those errors they were not wholly unmindful of the value of that opinion which they were forfeiting; and even while whirling in the vortex that was sweeping them away, they reached with a nerveless hand at some object that might redeem them from going down to the infamy they anticipated, and lift them into the smiles they once aspired to.

Robert S. Coffin was born in Newburyport, Mass. educated in the public schools of his town, acquired by regular apprenticeship the art of a printer, wrought at his trade in Boston, was during the late war in a private armed vessel, taken a prisoner and carried to Ireland; exchanged, returned to this country and this city, continued to labour as a printer, and to write as a poet—indulged in habits of intemperance—married—removed—and died the victim of his own irregularities.—How brief a paragraph marks the course of him who has held no inconsiderable rank among the poetic writers of our country, and who, but for the sin that did most easily beset him, might have held an envied elevation in the affection and esteem of society.

Coffin wrote much poetry previously to his leaving his native state, when he must have been a lad; but he became known to the public by his contributions to a daily paper in this city, called the True American, under the signature of "The Boston Bard." There is scarcely a lover of verse, in this country or England, that has not found much to admire in the effusions which that name has given the world. It has unhappily chanced that the irregularities of the author of these pieces have taken fame with his verse, and the lovers of poetic incense have had to mourn the spotted robe of the priest at their favourite shrine.

The world we know has nothing to do with the temptations to error—it demands, and it has a right to demand, a rigid adherence to virtue; it will applaud where great temptations are resisted, but if they are yielded to, while it pities, it will, and should condemn.

It will be allowed by those who know even but a little of life, that the associations in a privateer could not be friendly to the growth of virtue in a lad, whose situation on board did not raise him above a companionship with the humblest of the crew; and when he returned to this country, his profession was not likely to lift him (without the aid of virtuous principles,) into the best of company. The fact is, he yielded to the admiration which his writings inspired in those with whom he was accidentally cast; and having no means to ascertain the opinions of those whose friendship would have chastened his mind and corrected his faults, he became content to barter the praise due his talents for the society of persons who were his superiors only in years, and with a weaker head, and an unemployed appetite, it is not strange that he should have suffered from such associations—he did suffer; youth, and a vigorous constitution, yielded to the all-destroying influence of the intemperate draught; and the mind and body of poor Coffin, in a few years, were only the wreck of what they had been.

We have already pointed to the causes of, and inducements to, the unhappy course that mars the fame of the "Boston Bard"—he was not without friends, those who, in the depth of his wretchedness, would yield relief, and urge him to cast off associates and habits that destroyed his better parts—he would promise, and perhaps endeavour—But, alas!

"Facilis descensus averni
Sed revocare gradus
Hic labor, hic opus est."

To relinquish the haunts and the associates of evil courses, to come forth into the strong light of virtue, and stand a repentant candidate for the returning confidence of the good and prudish, requires either a very dull state of intellects, or a most happily schooled mind.

Coffin had neither; he was sensitive; miserable as he was, he shrunk from that probation at which the Pharisee in virtue might point at him in scorn; and had drawn round him a peculiar atmosphere, dense and feculent indeed, but still he dreaded the effects of that tempest that should clear it. He had virtuous wishes, and in sober solitude he formed virtuous resolutions; but his mind was not schooled to the perseverance that was necessary to retrace his steps.

Coffin remembered, with bitter repentance of his follies, the green paradise of his youthful exertions and youthful hopes; he sighed when the thought of early friends, and of those anticipations when it

"——his better days
None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise."

And these latent seeds of virtuous feelings came up, and though late, brought forth a harvest of repentance.

We have thus far spoke of Coffin's faults without a veil. God forbid, that in our moments of highest admiration for *genius*, we should forget what is due to *virtue*; or that we should be unmindful that the higher the talents of an individual, the more he outrages the decencies of society, by forgetting what is due the law of God, and the opinions of man. But there are, besides the praise due Coffin as a poet of no common genius, other commendations to which he is entitled. Fortunately, the influence which he is to exercise upon the manners or morals of others, is by his writings, and not his life. He occupied a sphere too humble to make manners and morals contagious. Thousands read with delight, the effusions of the "Boston Bard," without a thought of the person to whom they are indebted for their intellectual enjoyment—and the writings of Coffin are chaste. In his lowest hours, he never gave the world a line of poetry that was not marked with a tinge of tender feeling, and characterized by a virtuous tendency. We have seen much of his composition, and have reason to believe that he never published

"——one immoral, one illiberal thought;
One word, which dying, he could wish to blot."

Nor is the life of the "Boston Bard" without its moral; if he yielded to temptation, he felt the consequences in their bitterest effect; and while the flesh upon his bones had pain, and the soul within him did mourn, he acknowledged the justness of the retribution, and asked the world to profit by his errors—and as friendship and kindred feelings shall "weed his grave," they will discover among the sweetest flowers of poesy that spring upon it, the noblest blossoms of gratitude for favours received, and repentance for errors committed.

The Academy of Fine Arts opened for the season on Monday, the 21st inst. This fashionable place of resort, of late years, has materially improved in character and the variety of the Paintings furnished for exhibition. At this time it presents to the lovers of the art a field of enjoyment equal, if not superior, to any which has yet been offered to the American public. There will be no necessity to urge our own citizens to partake of the intellectual feast, they have been accustomed to attend the exhibition every season, our purpose in this passing notice is to point out a feature in the local organization of Philadelphia, every way calculated to gratify and improve the tastes of strangers who may visit it.

The Drama.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Circus, corner of 9th and Walnut street, will open on Monday evening next, with equestrian and Dramatic performances, under the management of Mr. Cowell.

The Philadelphia Theatre closed after the company had played 135 nights. The gross receipts, including benefits, have been estimated at about $79,000, of which the manager has retired from $15,000 to $17,000 clear profit, being more than has been made in any single season for twenty years past. Mr. Macready is said to have made $8000 in his two visits to Philadelphia, and Miss Kelly has realized more than $9000.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Macready and Miss Kelly were to perform together on Thursday evening last, in the comedy of the Wonder, for the benefit of Mr. Simpson, Manager of the Park Theatre. Miss Kelly's benefit on Monday.

BALTIMORE.—Miss Warren made her first appearance here on Tuesday evening, in the character of Fidelia, in the Foundling.

BOSTON.—The theatre of Washington Garden has been opened under the management of Mr. Burroughs. An accession of strength to the dramatic corps has been obtained at the Federal street house.

Mr. Cooper played Hamlet on the evening of the 30th ult. at the Mobile (Alabama) Theatre, to an overflowing house, which had assembled for his benefit.

Several long criticisms have appeared in the English prints on Mr. Hackett's first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre. His Jonathan and Uncle Ben was not well received, although it is admitted that the stories were told with a good deal of humour. Both this and his Hans Knickerbocker had been previously given by Matthews, who had garnished his portrait of the Yankee with all sorts of absurdities, both in language and pronunciation, picked up on both sides of the Atlantic, or invented by himself; and had equipped him in a costume which in any village in America would bring a crowd of boys at his heels. John Bull being disappointed of this high seasoning, and knowing nothing about the original of the picture, which was an imitation and not a caricature, testified his discontent by some hisses.—The London audience did not relish this part of Mr. Hackett's acting because they did not understand it, but when he came to Sylvester Daggerwood, in which he gave the imitations of the manner of several living actors, a kind of performance which certainly requires less talent than the other, the hisses were changed into the most deafening applause. Some of the critics praise highly his imitation of Kean, others think less of this and more of his imitation of Macready, "in which," says the Morning Chronicle, "he did not exaggerate at all, and caught his original's hard pronunciation and severe manner with great accuracy." Mr. Matthew's Americans, says the Morning Herald, are totally different personages from those of Mr. Hackett. They are broad caricatures and are dressed up in a way to gratify the vanity of a British audience at the expense of their transatlantic brethren. Mr. Hackett's imitation of the Yankee rustic is the best that has been produced, but how can it be expected that an English audience will be able to judge of its accuracy!

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship Carolinian, Howes, 6 days, Charleston, cotton and rice.
Brig Margaret, Jernegan, 9 days, Neuvitas, mdze.
—— Philadelphia, Hall, 9 days, Havana, sugar and coffee.
—— Heroine, Storer, 48 days, Gibraltar, wine, fruit, &c.
—— Mary, Maxwell, 16 days, City St. Domingo, logwood, &c.
—— Superior, Ellis, Wilmington, lumber.
—— Hunter, Latour, 14 days, St. Thomas, mdze.
—— Palm, Lincoln, 8 days, Boston, mdze.
—— Orient, Worrel, 16 days, St. Thomas, mdze.
—— Hercules, Paleskio, 13 days, New Orleans, mdze.
—— Hibernia, Hutchinson, Amsterdam.
—— Antelope, Care, 17 days, Santiago de Cuba, sugar and coffee.
—— Pomona, Newton, 14 days, New Orleans, cotton.
Br. brig Prince Kutousoff, Hall, Liverpool, mdze.
—— Experiment, Chapman, 43 days, Bristol, Eng. bottles, bricks, &c.
Schr. Macdonough, Selby, 9 days, Key Sal, mdze.
—— Olive, Taylor, 2 days, Snowhill, grain.
—— Chancellor, Baker, 3 days, Norfolk, lumber.
—— Perseverance, Irons, Norfolk.
—— Albert, Short, 12 days, Newburyport, mdze.
—— General Giles, Reeves, 8 days, St. Johns, E. F. timber.
—— Robert Burns, Pearson, 10 days, Havana, mdze.
—— Nymph, Day, 6 days, Salem, mdze.
—— Mirror, Lober, 6 days, Hartford, mdze.
—— Diana, Peterson, 4 days, New York, mdze.
—— Diana, Briggs, New York, mdze.
—— George Washington, New York, mdze.
—— Defiance, Smith, 3 days, New York, mdze.
—— James Monroe, Chambers, 7 days, Richmond, mdze.
—— Lincoln, Hawthorn, 22 days, New Orleans, cotton and pork.
—— Cygne, Steelman, 5 days, New York, mdze.
—— Gen. Washington, Townshend, 3 days, New York, sugar and whiskey.
—— Olive, Rogers, 4 days, Boston, mdze.
—— Ruby, Haskell, 4 days, Wilmington, N. C. lumber.
—— Washington, Summers, 30 days, Maranzilla, fruits, &c.
—— Coral, Davis, 4 days, Gloucester, rum and hides.
—— Joseph Johnson, Tunnel, 2 days, Norfolk, shingles.
—— Superior, Tunnel, 2 days, Norfolk, shingles.
Sloop Little James, Baker, 2 days, Snowhill, lumber.
—— Amazon, Fitzsimmons, 4 days, New York, grain.
—— Active, Alberson, 6 days, Richmond, coal.
—— Catharine & Elizabeth, Doughty, New York, mdze.
—— Speed, Rose, New York, mdze.

CLEARED.

Ships Alexander, Baldwin, Liverpool; Langdon Cheves, Baker, Charleston; Wm. Wallace, Burkhart, South America; Caledonia, Burr, Canton.
Brigs Atlantic, Bailey, Providence; Criterion, Richards, Bordeaux; Oregon, Brown, New Orleans; Columbian, Regan, Laguira; Harp, Shankland, Trinidad, Cuba.
Schrs. Charles, Cognin, Fernandina; Clarissa, South, Boston; Sophia Ann, McQuillen, Montevideo; Enterprize, Crowell, St. Andrews; Emily Davis, Davis, Richmond; Hiram, Henike, Norfolk; Resolution, Smith, New York; Joseph Meads, Austin, Boston; Only Son, Cook, Boston.
Sloops Friendship, Teal, Baltimore; Johnson, Johnson, Alexandria; Boston Packet, Taylor, New York.

SUMMER BOARDING,

In the Pleasant Village of Haddington,
Three miles and a half West of the Permanent Bridge.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, as well as his former Boarders, and those of his wife, when Mary Groff, that he has taken a commodious house there, which, for its agreeable, high, and healthy situation, is inferior to none in the vicinity of Philadelphia, where he wishes to receive families or parts of families during the summer season. This village will be found agreeable in many respects, being within a suitable distance of two Meeting Houses, pretty regularly supplied, and of several Friends' Meeting Houses, where people supply themselves; and having also a three-horse stage to and from Philadelphia, two respectable Seminaries for youth, a Medical Gentleman of acknowledged skill, several stores, and other equally agreeable and important accommodations, which, with the best endeavours of the subscriber and his family to render his house and attention agreeable, he hopes to receive a share of public support. ISAAC MONCRIEFF.
Village of Haddington, Blockley Township.
May 26—3t

PILESGROVE SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he is prepared to accommodate children with Board and Tuition, (during the summer season,) at Twenty Dollars per quarter: and being in a pleasant and healthy village, he invites citizens to accept his offer.
JACOB BORTON.
Teacher of Pilesgrove School, in the village of Woodstown, 5th mo. 24th, 1827—4t* town, Salem County, N. J.

WANTED,

TWO Apprentices to the Millwrighting Business—Lads about 15 years of age, who are used to work, will be preferred.—Apply to
SULLIVAN HILL, Lancaster Turnpike Road,
1 1-4 miles from the Permanent Bridge
May 12—3t*

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ely the Rev. JACOB BEECHER, of Shepherds Town, Virginia, to Miss HANNAH MITCHELL, daughter of Mr. Jacob Mitchell, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ely, Mr. PATRICK J. GRIFFIN, to Miss MARY CRANE, daughter of the late Captain Crane, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. M. B. Roche, Mr. JOHN THOMAS, to Miss REBECCA ASHBURN, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 22d inst. by the Rev. Samuel Merwin, Mr. JAMES B. LONGACRE, to Miss ELIZA STILES, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. at Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Root, JOHN T. JONES, Esq. to Miss EMILY WOODWARD, daughter of Mr. W. W. Woodward, of this city.

On the 8th of January last, by the Rev. Mr. Sheets, of Frankford, Mr. EDWIN CARPENTER, to Mrs. MARY RADCLIFF, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Dagg, Mr. JAMES DORNAN, to Miss JULIAN EVERETT.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. ROBERT THOMPSON, to Miss ANNA MARIA FISHER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 24th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Mr. DAVID LAPSLEY, Jr. to Miss ANNA, daughter of John Welsh, Esq. all of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kitts, Mr. JOHN SLAUGHTER, to Miss HANNAH CROMWELL, all of Philadelphia.

On the 24th inst by Joseph Watson, Esq. Mayor, Mr. HENRY REEVES, of Philadelphia county, to Miss MARY WOOLMAN, of this city.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kitts, Mr. JOSEPH MILES, of Philadelphia, to MARY ANN FRITZ, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Dagg, Mr. SMITH JOHNSON, to Miss ELIZABETH WILSON.

On Tuesday evening, the 22d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Janeway, Mr. EMANUEL STREET, to Miss ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. John Saeringer, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 25th ult. at Cooper's Grove, N. J. by T. C. Clement, Mr. GEORGE CULIN, of New York, to REBECCA J. HATCH, daughter of Mr. Hugh Hatch, of Cooper's Grove.

On the 28th ult. at Key West, by Judge Whitehead, Captain SAMUEL BILLS, to Miss MARY STEWART, all of that place. This is the first marriage here, since its settlement in 1821.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, DAVID DEWEES, in the 45th year of his age. His friends, and those of his Brother, are particularly invited to attend his funeral from his brother's residence, No. 46 Shippen street, this afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

The Masonic Brethren, particularly Phœnix Lodge, No. 130, of which he was a Member, are invited to attend.

On Thursday afternoon, of consumption of the lungs, Mrs. MARY PARK, wife of William Park, hatter.

On Sunday morning, Dr. JOHN A MONGES, aged 62 years.

On the 19th inst. aged 82 years, Mrs. MARY SPRINGER.

On the 17th inst. after a distressing illness of several months, THOMAS CHALKLEY LUKENS, merchant, of this city.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. SARAH BURKHART, aged 73 years.

On Sunday, the 21st inst. Mrs. ANN JANE THOMPSON.

On the 14th inst. after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, HANNAH CASEY, aged 64 years.

On Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness, Mrs. ELLEN MILLER, wife of David Miller.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY THOMPSON, aged 46 years.

On Wednesday the 28th inst. Mr. THOMAS LEATHERBERY, aged 27.

On Thursday morning, at 2 o'clock, aged 36 years, the Rev. R. BAXTER, a Roman Catholic Clergyman.

On Thursday, CAROLINE ELIZABETH, Daughter of George C. Young.

On Tuesday morning, the 22d inst. of a lingering complaint, Mr. SAMUEL E. WARWICK, aged 40 years.

On the 21st inst. Mr. JOHN MORGAN, aged 54 years.

On Monday morning, at the dwelling of her son-in-law, Robert Walsh, jr. aged 83 years, Mrs. ISABELLA MOYLAN, relict of the late Jasper Moylan, Esq. of this city.

On the 3d ult. in Baltimore, JONATHAN COSE, Coachmaker, formerly of Bucks county, Pa. aged 34 years.

At Charleston, on the 15th inst. Major ROBERT M. HEAD, a resident of York district, S. C. He was a native of Philadelphia; was engaged in the Revolutionary War from its commencement to its close; received several wounds, and was for a considerable time, the commanding officer of Gen. La Fayette's cohort.

Lost overboard from schr. James Warren, Capt. Smith, on her passage from Boston to Savannah, on the 9th inst. WILLIAM M. MASON, Seaman, a native Philadelphia.

On the 4th ult. at Cow Island, Mosquito shore, Central America, Mr. WILLIAM M'KORKLE, late second mate of the brig Mary, of Philadelphia, and a native of Wilmington, Del.

On the 16th Dec. 1826, the city of Havana bearing SSW 15 miles, was washed overboard by a heavy sea from the forecastle of the ship Phœnix, of Philadelphia, HENRY ROWYER, seaman, a native of Philadelphia, who sunk before assistance could be procured.

On the 10th of March, at Bath, England, aged 81 years, Mrs. HUNN, mother of the Right Hon. George Canning.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total
Philadelphia,	32	34	66
New-York,	55	36	91
Baltimore,	11	9	20

Piano Fortes and Organs.

LOUD & BROTHERS,

Piano Forte Manufacturers & Organ Builders,
No. 301 MARKET STREET,

RESPECTFULLY beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have finished and for sale, an assortment of Piano Fortes, which they can warrant as very superior both for excellence of tone and beauty, and durability of workmanship.

The standing Piano Fortes of their make have attained a character in the public estimation which is well known. They having every separate branch of the business executed by different and competent workmen, under their own immediate inspection, and as it finally passes through their hands, (being put together by them,) insures that every part shall be faithfully executed.

Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in part payment.

☞ PIANO FORTES HIRED. ☜

L. & B. continue to build Church and Chamber Organs, (to order,) of a very superior quality.
May 26—6w

CITY BATHS.

Cleanliness produces health, and health is wealth.

THE well known establishment of *MARBLE & COPPER* Bathing Vessels, in Freudberger's Court, have been fitted up in a superior style, and are now open for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen, from sunrise until a late hour at night—25 cents single bath, and five for one dollar. Ladies' baths in a separate building, attended by females. Entrances to the Baths are from North Second street, 2d alley above Christ's Church; from North Third street, 2d alley above Market street; and by a gate opening to the yard of the City Hotel.

N. B. A Shower Bath in the Gentlemen's Room.
May 25—3t* M. D. C. MARSH, Proprietor.

TO COLLAR-MAKERS.

A FIRST rate Collar-Maker wanted immediately, at No. 4 North Fifth street. Constant employment and liberal wages will be given. May 26—3t*

SIX CENTS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the Subscriber, on the 5th of May, SOCRATES BONAPARTE BACON, an indentured apprentice, near 20 years of age, about 6 feet 2 inches high, very stout, by trade a Brass Founder, supposed to have taken with him his wife, having sometime previous unlawfully got married. JOHN CURTIS.
May 26—3t* 48 North Fifth street.

ALL PERSONS

INDEBTED to the Estate of JOHN M. LYNN, M. D. deceased, or to the firm of John & Samuel M. Lynn, are hereby requested to present their accounts, duly attested, to Richard Twells, Point-no-Point, and those having claims against the same, will apply to the Subscriber, No. 110 North Fourth street.
SAMUEL M. LYNN, Executor
april 21—6t*

CIRCUS.

MR. COWELL,

BEGS most respectfully to inform the public, that the Circus will open on MONDAY EVENING, May 28, being the last season the Equestrian Company will perform in this establishment. Every exertion shall be used to render this place of amusement worthy a continuance of the liberal patronage with which it has been honoured.

Performance to commence with a Grand Entree.

Clown, Mr. Buckley. Horsemanship by Master Sweet. Horsemanship by Mrs. Williams, &c.

The whole to conclude with the favourite Farce of the IRISHMAN IN LONDON. May 26—3t

☞ CARD. ☜

ROBERTSON & LITTLE,

LOTTERY BROKERS,

BEG leave to inform the public and their friends, that they have removed from their former office, and taken business possession of their new establishment, No. 130 CHESNUT STREET, third door above the Post-Office—where they solicit a continuance of that patronage, which has been so liberally bestowed upon them; assuring the public that the same spirit of accommodation, liberality, and promptitude, which they flatter themselves have characterized all their dealings, shall form a prominent feature in their future efforts to please all those who may honour them with a call. They crave particular attention to the Scheme of the

UNION CANAL LOTTERY

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Twenty-Ninth Class—New Series.
To be Drawn on the 16th inst. in this City.
YATES & M'INTYRE, MANAGERS.

Whole Tickets $5—Shares in proportion; but will be sold as low as they can be obtained elsewhere.

☞ Packages certain of drawing $45 in prizes, Halves, Quarters and Eighths, in proportion, with 20 chances for capitals, will be sold at a liberal deduction from the established prices.

ROBERTSON & LITTLE'S

PRIZE SELLING OFFICE,
No. 130 Chesnut street, third door above the Post-Office.

N. B. Prizes have been sold by them of the following magnitude within a short period—

20,000 DOLLARS!
15,000 DOLLARS!
10,000 DOLLARS!
10,000 DOLLARS!
10,000 DOLLARS!

And a few days since a $5,000 in a WHOLE TICKET, to a resident of this City.

Bank Notes discounted.—Gold bought and Sold—CASH always advanced for Prizes, &c.
May 26—3t

Washington City Lottery,

SECOND CLASS,
To be drawn on Wednesday, the 6th June, 1827.
CAPITAL PRIZE

10,000 DOLLARS.

60 Number Lottery—9 Drawn Ballots.
SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$10,000
1	do.	3,506
10	do.	1,000
20	do.	500
52	do.	100
51	do.	50
102	do.	20
1683	do.	8
11475	do.	4

Tickets $4—Halves $2—Quarters $1—Eights 50 Cents. Tickets and Shares, signed by the Managers, for sale by

JOHN DOLBY,

City Lottery and Exchange Office, N. E. corner of Chesnut & Fourth streets.
May 26—3t

Levy's Office, 89 Chesnut-street.
By Authority of Congress.

Washington City Lottery.

CLASS SECOND.
To be Drawn on the 6th day of June, 1827.
60 Number—Nine Drawn Ballots.
SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$10,000
1	do.	3,506
10	do.	1,000
28	do.	500
52	do.	100
51	do.	50
102	do.	20
1683	do.	8
11475	do.	4

Amounting in all to $102,600!!!
Whole Tickets, $4 | Quarters, $1
Halves, 2 | Eighths, 50 cents.
For Sale in a great variety of Numbers at

LEVY'S

Lottery and Exchange Office, No. 89 Chesnut street, 2d door below Third.

The 99th Class of the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, will be drawn on Saturday, the 16th of June.

CAPITAL PRIZES.

$16,000, $5,000, $4,000, $3,000, &c. &c.

Whole Tickets, $5 00 | Quarters, $1 25
Halves, 2 50 | Eighths, 0 62
May 26—3t

LA FAYETTE AGAIN.

THE following numbers were drawn in the 18th class, Union Canal.

36 10 8 13 30 48 15 38 31

8, 10, 38 drew the $10 000!!! 13, 30, 48 drew 2,000; 15, 31, 38 drew 1,000; 36, 13, 38 drew 1206, &c.

Lucky holders are notified that by calling on us they can receive their cash! Tickets in the next class can be had from us at $4, (scheme prize,) until next Saturday evening, or Monday the 7th, they will raise to $4 5

KENNEDY & Co. of the Lucky La Fayette Office, No. 43 South Third street, who sold and paid, $30,000, 3 of 10,000 each, 1 of 15,000, 2 of 10,000, 2 of 7,000, 3 of 4,000, &c. And all sold and paid within a few months!

P. S. Tickets are always sold at the La Fayette cheaper than elsewhere.

☞ All orders from the country punctually answered by return of mail, if addressed to

KENNEDY & CO.
Philadelphia.

The 20th class will draw on the 16th of June—capital prize $16,000.

The Washington City Lottery, will draw 6th of June. may 19—tf

THOMAS'S OFFICE,

32 NORTH THIRD STREET.

THE following are the numbers which were drawn on Wednesday, 24 inst. for determining the fate of the Tickets in the 24th Class UNION CANAL LOTTERY.

36, 10, 8, 13, 30, 48, 15, 38, 31.

SAMUEL S. THOMAS & CO. have the pleasure to announce to the public, the following List of Prizes sold at their Office:

10, 13, 36, Quarter of		$1,206
8, 30, 48, Whole Ticket,		250
8, 36, 38, Whole Ticket,		100
8, 10, 38, Whole Ticket,		100

And a number of 50's, 20's, &c.

The 99th Class of the Union Canal Lottery will be drawn on the 13th June.

CAPITAL PRIZES.

1 of	$16,000	1 of	$5,000
1 of	4,000	1 of	3,000
1 of	2,500	1 of	2,000
1 of	1,500	4 of	1,275
1 of	1,250	5 of	1,000

Besides a great many of $500, $200, $100, $20, &c.

Tickets and Shares, in a great variety of numbers, for sale by S. S. THOMAS & Co.
May 8—4w 32 North Third Street.

36, 10, 8, 13, 30, 48, 15, 38, 31.

WERE the drawn Nos. on Wednesday to decide the fate of the 25th, UNION CANAL LOTTERY. The holders of prizes are invited to call on CONINE, 3 South Third street, and receive their cash. The Washington City Lottery, No. 2, will be drawn on the 6th of June. Ticket $4.

The next Union Canal Lottery will be drawn in this city on the 13th June.—Capital Prize $16,000.
May 5—4t

PRIZES.

THE following numbers were drawn in the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, 25th Class—

36, 10, 8, 13, 30, 48, 15, 38, 31.

18, 15, 38, a Prize of $1,000, was Sold at

B. DAVIS'S

Fortunate Office, 34 North Third Street,
Opposite Heikell's City Hotel.

Where have been sold more prizes than at any other office in the city. May 5—tf

SCYTHES & SICKLES.

BARTLETT, PASSMORE & WALLS } Cast Steel SCYTHES
HARRIS'S (S. H.) Grass and Grain SCYTHES,
STEYERMARK SCYTHES,
KERLIN'S Shear Steel Pennsylvania and Jersey SICKLES,
RHOADS' Darby and Manicher Scythe STONES,
GOODYEAR'S Spring Steel Hay and Manure FORKS, Rakes, Scythe Shovels, &c.

For sale by the Subscribers at their general Ironmongery Store, No. 37 MARKET STREET.

SHIPLEY & BARTRAM.
april 28—tf

FOR THE
Promotion of Science and Literature.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

His Excellency JOS. KENT, Governor of the State, President *ex officio.*

Roger B. Taney, Esq.	Rev. George Roberts,
Hon. Ezek'l F. Chambers,	Rev. J. P. K. Henshaw,
Hon. Stevenson Archer,	Solomon Etting, Esq.
Hon. Thomas B. Dorsey,	Mark'l Williams, Esq.
Hon. John C. Herbert,	William Frick, Esq.
Hon. Jas. Thomas,	Isaac McKim, Esq.
Hon. John Nelson,	Dr. James Steuart,
Hon. Wm. H. Marriott,	Dr. R. J. Semmes,
Hon. Reverdy Johnson,	Dr. Denis Claude,
Jas. W. McCulloh, Esq.	and
Col. John E. Howard,	Dr. Henry Wilkins.

COHEN'S OFFICE—114, Market-street, } Baltimore, May 7th, 1827. }

☞ Under authority of the Act of the General Assembly (Dec. session, 1826,) we herewith present to the public, the *First Class* of the Maryland

LITERATURE LOTTERY,

The whole to be drawn in ONE DAY, in the city of *Baltimore*, and under the superintendance of the *Commissioners* appointed by the Governor and Council.

HIGHEST PRIZE,

20,000 DOLLARS.

BRILLIANT SCHEME.

1	prize	$20,000	20,000 Dollars.
1	- - - - -	10,000	10,000 Dollars.
10	- - - - -	2,000	20,000 Dollars.
10	- - - - -	1,000	10,000 Dollars.
10	- - - - -	500	5,000 Dollars.
20	- - - - -	200	4,000 Dollars.
20	- - - - -	100	2,000 Dollars.
40	- - - - -	50	2,000 Dollars.
100	- - - - -	20	2,000 Dollars.
150	- - - - -	10	1,500 Dollars.
500	- - - - -	3	1,500 Dollars.
9000	- - - - -	4	36,000 Dollars.

9662 prizes, amounting to 114,000 Dollars.
20338—only 30,000 Tickets.

☞ The CASH for the whole of the Prizes can be had as usual at COHEN'S OFFICE, the moment they are drawn.

Mode of Drawing.—The numbers will be put into one wheel as usual, and in the other will be put the prizes above the denomination of Five Dollars, and the drawing to progress in the usual manner. The 6000 prizes of Four Dollars to be awarded to the tickets, the numbers of which end with the terminating figure of either of the *three first drawn numbers* of *different* terminations. The Five Dollar prizes to be awarded to the tickets having the two last figures corresponding with the two last figures of such number of the *next* drawn of *different* termination. This mode will permit the whole Lottery to be completed in one drawing, and a ticket drawing a superior prize will not be restricted from drawing an inferior one also.

Whole Tickets	$5 00	Quarters

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE WETHERSFIELD MAID,

OR THE ONIONS.

In olden times the Egyptians bow'd
Before a rancid onion god;
But even powerful Cupid, now,
Before this nasty weed must bow.

There was a maid exposed to love,
A maid all other maids above,
In her own eyes:
And if the people's tales were true,
Her lover was a wonder, too,
A very prize.
This lover was a sorry lad:
The smell of onions was so bad
To him, that nothing could atone,
For supping partly, or alone,
On Onions. But the sprightly maid,
Of hurting feeling not afraid—
And fond of onions, bad or good,
Would eat as many as she could.
This gave her such a morbid breath,
Her lover hated it as death.
He argued on the point at length,
Said love would yield to onion strength—
And why? it spoil'd the lover's bliss,
For who such loathsome lips would kiss?
And who would not be much afraid,
To hug so garlicky a maid?
But all remonstrances were vain,
She ate them o'er and o'er again.—
Vow'd she would sacrifice her life
Almost—that she might be his wife;
And, for the union of their souls,
She'd travel with him to the poles.
"Well now, my dear, but promise this,"
Said he, "and I shall live in bliss;
For my sake let the onions be,
And I will love none else but thee."
"Give onions up for you!" she cried,
"I'll banish any thing beside,
But as for onions—you may know
I'd sooner let ten lovers go,
Than eat them not. It grieves my heart
To think that you and I must part;
But if you make such huge demands,
You'll lose my heart and love my hands!"

MORAL.

Many would serve a friend in need,
Could they perform some mighty deed;
But ask a little thing, and they
Will 'twist the heel and walk away.

TIMOTHY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ENIGMA.

When Time commenced his endless reign on earth,
Ere man existed—and before it was known,
The great Creator saw me ere my birth,
Th' almighty source of all knows me alone.

Yet men would oft unmask me to mankind!
Have dared to think with mortal eyes they saw
Th' acknowledged offspring and the heir of time!!
The secrets of the tomb will teach them more.

They, every hour, in their thoughts encroach,
(But vainly to) on what relates to me:
And millions ev'ry moment would approach,
Yet shrink back—should I lisp their destiny!

Thousands would gladly banish from their breasts,
The very thought—which spoils their peace of mind,
And guilty conscience prompts some to confess,
What I shall otherwise divulge—their crimes.

To man below I yield no happiness,
Inflict no pangs, nor cause their misery:
Yet they look up to me for earthly bliss!
But not on earth, alone, have dreaded me!!

* * * * * *

Although 'tis thus obscured—it is a light,
That some would wish for if they dared to see!
But 'twere too powerful for human sight,
It would unveil to them Futurity!!

IVANHOE.

Solutions to the Charades in our last.

1. Lady-slipper.
2. War-ring-ton.
3. Hannah-Anna-Ann.

POWER OF THE STOMACH OF BIRDS.

M. Constantin, in the Archives of the Society of Pharmacy of Northern Germany, mentions as a remarkable example of the power of the stomach, in resisting a mass of undigested matter, a fowl, in the stomach of which there were found three large pieces of flint, three metal buttons, fourteen iron nails, several of which were still very sharp, and a great number of small ones. With the exception of some slight scratches on the inner membrane, the stomach was in its natural state.

PLANTING THROUGH TREES.

The gardeners of Genoa, Florence, Venice, &c. choose an orange tree, which they deprive of its branches, and then perforate the trunk through its whole length, and also through the roots to the ground beneath.—Young plants of the jessamine, the dwarf almond, with double flowers, fig trees, rose trees, myrtles, and other ornamental plants are selected, which they arrange in twos or threes, according to fancy, and the size of the aperture in the orange tree, and plant them in the ground, or in a tub according to the climate, passing them through the orange tree, so that the plants may reach a short distance above the upper end of the trunk; the roots of the tree are then covered with earth, watered and cultivated, as if it were a tree just planted. The tree and all the young plants then grow together, and will live for ten or fifteen years.

COLOGNE WATER.

Our female readers who are disposed to practice a little domestic economy, will find the following preparation of Cologne water, a very cheap substitute for the Cologne water of the shops, for which they pay three or four hundred per cent more than the cost of this. The principle ingredient is worth one dollar per gallon, at retail, by the druggists, and the perfumery costs very little. To one pint of alcohol, add sixty drops of lavender, sixty do. bergamot, sixty do. essense of lemon, sixty do. orange water. To one gall. alcohol, put two hundred and forty drops of each of the perfumes.

A DUTCH SERMON.

The following admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers, during our revolutionary struggle, upon the eve of going 'forth to glorious war,' was calculated to inspire them with more than Herculean strength and courage.

Mine Friends: Ven virst you coomd here, you was boor and lousy, and now feints you is prout and sassy; and yours gotton on your unicorns, and dem vits you like a dogs upon an hogs pack; now mine feints, let me dell you dis, a man is a man, if he's no pigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to fight vid Goliah, he dook nothing vid him put one sling; now don't mistake me mine feints; it was not a rum sling; no, nor a gin sling; no, nor a mint water sling; no, it vas a sling mate vit an hickery stick. Now ven Goliah sees Tavid coming, he says, "you little tampt scoundrel, does you come to vite me? I will give you to the birds of the field, and the beasts of the sir." Tavid says, Goliah, Goliah, the race ish not always mit the shwift, nor ish the battle mit the strong, and man is a man if he's no pigger as my dumb. So Tavid he fixes a stone in his sling, and he draws it at Goliah, and knocks him rigs in the vorehead, and den Tavid takes Goliah's sword and cuts off his head—and den all the pretty coals of the shildy comes out, and strewed flowers in his way, and sing Saul is a crate man, for he has kilt his dousands, put Tavid is crater as he, vor he has kilt Goliah.

Now mine feients, when you coes out to fight mit the tampt Pritish, remember vat I dell you, dad a man is a man, if he's no pigger as my dumb.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. XVIII.

Botanic Name, LEONTODON TARAXACUM
English Name, *Dandelion.*
French Name, *Pissenlit.*

The Dandelion is a well known humble plant, very common in North America and Europe, growing in meadows and pastures, and covering them with yellow blossoms from April to November; as the blossoms succeed each other from spring to fall, they are themselves succeeded by downy heads, which children are fond of blowing from the stem, and the winds carry to a great distance. It is also a medical plant, the leaves eaten in sallad, and their decoction, are bitter, aperitive, and diuretic.

Leontodon, meaning lion's tooth in Greek, is an old Grecian name; and Taraxacum, an old Latin name. The genus belongs to the natural tribe of CICHORACEOUS, and the *Syngenesia* class of Linnæus.

Root perennial. Leaves all radical, oblong, runcinate, laciniate, acute. Scapes, or leafless stems, hollow, bearing each a single flower, which has a double perianthe or common only, the exterior one spreading. Corollas ligulate, crowded, yellow. The down is feathery stipitate, and forming a spherical ball, setting on the convex phcranthe or receptacle.

It is the emblem of FOLLY and PUFFING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—It is with tears in my eyes that I tell you, I am a married man. Not that I am worse off as the article of a wife than my neighbours—on the contrary I consider myself, after nine years trial, as having reason (at most seasons) to congratulate myself on having made a judicious choice. My wife is usually good tempered and obedient; but in this floor scrubbing, wall daubing, servant scolding, never-sufficiently-to-be-deprecated month of May, she seems to be possessed with the infuriate spirits of seven whitewashers. The late Mr. F. Hopkinson bequeathed to the world a most humorous essay on this afflicting subject.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

I strongly suspect that his lady was but a lukewarm house cleaner, or that he must have written in June, when the cheering anticipation of an eleven months respite, somewhat soothed his harrowed feelings.—To describe the chaotic disorder which has pervaded my domicile for seven long days, with any thing like justice, a man should wield a pen carved out of the handle of a long brush, dipped in yellow wash.

If you please, gentlemen, I will exhibit a brief statement of circumstances and will then leave my case with confidence in the hands of a discerning public; merely premising, that it is the dearest wish of my heart, that the maltreated husbands of this too well scrubbed city, may, before the next anniversary of their woes, appoint a committee to recommend this as a proper subject for legislative interference.

Yesterday week at the breakfast table, at exactly 20 minutes past 7 o'clock, Mrs. W. observed, "My Dear, it will soon be time to begin to clean house." My only answer was a groan. She resumed the attack by informing me very placidly, but with an air of inflexible determination, that in half an hour, she expected the carpet shakers, paper hangers, floor rubbers, white washers, &c. to commence their operations. In speechless dismay, I dropped my toast, which fell butter downwards on my pants; casting one imploring but unregarded look I left the house and betook myself to the country, where seated on a sharp rail I passed the morning oppressed by a thousand gloomy forebodings. On my return, I found one of the aforesaid demons plastering the door with brown paint, taking a stride to avoid him, I placed my foot upon a brush smeared with soft soap, and fell with both hands in a tub of filthy water; struggling to rise I got a mouthful of house-cloth. Hearing a direful yell indicative of infantine distress, I rushed desperately up stairs, and found little Amiadab Napoleon, (the eighth of my eleven darlings) with an ounce and a half of whitewash in his left eye. He was pacified by the assurance of *Celia!* the sable fiend who presided over this department, that "after a little bit he would see the better for it." Remembering that "Cuibus in usu arte credendum est," I put this in my mem. book as a valuable hint for my friend Dr. McC. the oculist. In the mean time my dog had got over head and ears in a bucket of this same villainous whitewash—fearful that he might be flayed by the lime in it, I took him by the tail and soused him in my old friend the tub at the door, and to express his thanks he bit my fingers to the bone. Going to my office for a styptic, I found all things "put to rights," and so nicely arranged, that I may perhaps succeed, by the help of providence, in finding any thing I may want after a week's search. I need not advert to the new classification of my books, nor tell how I was scandalized to see Dr. Watts between Tom Paine and Tom Moore—this however was of less importance as all three were upside down. At length dinner was served, the cook had been put in requisition up stairs, and a novice stationed at the kitchen fire, the natural consequence of which was, that the beefsteaks were boiled with the salad, and the leg of mutton cut in slices and fried with asparagus. This exquisite repast over, I stepped into the garden to escape the fresh paint which had already caused me to smell like a lump of putty, and lo! there were two strapping negroes hanging an unfortunate carpet with cudgels; a tremendous thwack as I skulked by filled my eyes with dust, and did not send my mouth empty away. Going indiscomlately through the back door, I was kindly invited by the partner of my joys to accompany her to the third story, to admire the effect of a coat of yellow which had been given to the walls of a small room in that elevated region (which room by the way is never occupied,) there I heard a most edifying discourse on the respective merits of chrome and ochre—of the latter, indeed, I took a sample on my back, which has convinced me that it is a lasting colour; of this I was made aware after a walk in Chesnut street, being informed thereof by a friend, who took that occasion (in his ignorance) to compliment me on my conjugal felicity, and asked me to his wedding next week—if I survive the house-cleaning, and nothing happens I shall repay him by a similar congratulation next year.—Here, Messrs. Editors, I close my mournful recital, begging you to take partem pro toto, and imagine my miseries for the other six days. As some time must still elapse before I can rest in peace at home, I intend to devote it to the examination of the belfry of Christ Church, being well assured that it is the only place (except the tops of the shot towers) in this devoted city, out of the reach of Celia's diabolical brush.

With great respect, M. W.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MARRIAGE BROKERS.

I have lately observed in the Saturday Evening Post, several advertisements in prose and verse for life partners. I should wish to know if this singular mode of courtship, which we have borrowed from England, is ever successful. I believe it is not often so, but rather considered as a desperate step or whimsical pastime; although many of the advertisers may really be serious, those who answer them are seldom in earnest.

There is a tacit indelicacy as it were, in this mode of introduction between strangers, that precludes or prevents many proper explanations. To describe one self properly, requires a self knowledge and sincerity not unusually met with. Vanity and modesty must prevail by turns, which induces us to reveal too much or too little.

Yet there are in all large cities particularly, many individuals of both sexes who pine in single life, because they do not find a proper match in their narrow circle of acquaintance; they may meet in public places those whom their hearts might have chosen, but then how seldom have they a chance of being introduced to each other, or becoming acquainted?

It is to obviate this misery of life, and the inconvenience of advertisements, that MARRIAGE BROKERS are established in many large cities of France and Germany. These gentlemen act like confidential friends; they receive applications from both sexes, verbally or by letters; communicate all the requisite information to mutual applicants, without disclosing names, and when every thing is suitable they introduce the parties to each other, to conclude the bargain if mutually agreeable; sometimes a likeness is exhibited previous to the introduction, or a casual interview is procured.

Many marriages are the result of these transactions, many more I am sure than by personal advertisements. The brokers receive a per centage or commission on the fortune of the bride when she has a dowry, or else a present from the grateful swain.

Since all kinds of brokers, which were hardly known here 20 or 30 years ago, are now widely spread, and since we have lottery brokers, stock brokers, ship brokers, house brokers, merchant brokers, servants brokers, &c. why could not MARRIAGE BROKERS thrive also in this fast improving land, and become very useful members of society? or intelligence offices be established for that special purpose, as very convenient places of information on the subject?

Let us hope that some enterprising gentleman or lady, (since this office is calculated for either,) may ere long attempt this new profession, and whether established in New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Boston, we may venture to predict success. Nay, to insure it, I know half a dozen of unwilling bachelors like myself, whom I can venture to say would be ready to avail themselves of the first MARRIAGE BROKER, and make him a purse of one thousand dollars or so, if they can be suited within one year through his exertions, and they are not very hard to please I believe.

Marriages of affection may as easily take place on this plan, as by casual acquaintance, or in the vortex of the world. It is only the first step that is hard to take in those cases: when you are introduced with a previous understanding and mutual wish to please, inclination and love may soon follow; nay, it is said, that the truest love springs as often after marriage as before it. Let this be decided, however, by the casuists of sentiments.

Having said thus much for the benefit of all the pining bachelors and maids, or drooping blossoms of mankind, I shall conclude without saying a word of myself or for myself, although vastly inclined to do so; but I reserve of course the privilege of making an early application to the first trusty MARRIAGE BROKER that may offer his services within my reach.

AN UNWILLING BACHELOR.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

The following letter from a bride to the Editor of a Massachusetts paper, contains some truth as well as humour:

SIR—I herewith send a bit of wedding cake.—I am in a very bad humor, I assure you; which you know ought not to be, the very day one is married. It is not at my husband, though, dear good man he is. Oh! I was vexed beyond endurance last evening. That vile practice! Would you believe it? An hundred and fifty kisses! of all sorts and sizes, fair and foul, from old and young, from male and female! Faugh! could any bride endure all that and preserve her temper! Such cargoes of snuff! such showers of tobacco spittle! such fumes of tobacco smoke! No poor man covered with vermin was ever more drenched. If this fashion of the whole company kissing the bride must be followed, in the name of all that's decent, let old grandaddies burn out their pipes before they offer to poke them under your very nose. And those whose throats are at best so many sepulchres, I would advise before they go to a wedding, to fill their pockets with cloves, cinnamon, or coriander seed, and commence chewing at least an ounce before the marriage ceremony begins.

Only think of a poor creature standing up an hour and a half after the blessed knot was tied, only to be nozzled and slobbered over by all the masculine gender of the neighborhood! Only think of a delicate, modest female, standing like a target, the object of all the lipshots of a large corps of militia! and then I don't I should have dropped down with fatigue; I verily believe I used an ounce of hartshorn to keep me from fainting.—But vexed as I was, Mr. Editor, I could not, to gain the world, help from laughing sometimes at the queer spectacle we all made. And you would have laughed too, if you had been there. Only imagine, if you please, the chief person of the group, me, Dorothy Daffodil, at the right hand of my dear spouse; and a crowd of men, like a swarm of flies round a cup of molasses, all pressing forward, and making up their lips ready for a smack, and then one after another, poking their snouts into my very face, and me wiping my face every whipstitch, to appear a little decent. But the most ludicrous part of the exhibition was to see a bashful fellow go through the manœuvres. Like a shy trout venturing up to the bait—advancing a little, and then darting back among the reeds—you might behold the poor man with heart beating audibly, coming forward with a cautious step, stooping sometimes through fear, or slipping behind the friendly corporation of some broad backed fellow a little ahead. Having advanced within a yard or so, you might see him as if afraid his courage would fail by delay, dart forward from behind his shelter, snatch a kiss, and be off in the twinkling of an eye. But alas! ludicrous as it may appear, my poor cheek had to suffer in consequence of it, and even now bears the mark inflicted on it willingly by Simon Snaggletooth.

Some of the old fellows must needs buss me, they said, on both sides of my face—and some of them said my breath was as a rose in October, and others that it was as fragrant as a load of new made hay. Some of the old fellows, with one foot in the grave, and the other on the brink, said they kissed my grandmother and my mother, and now I suppose that they think they have capped the climax of gallant exploits by dozzling over me as though I was a mere baby.

I pitied my poor husband, poor man, to be obliged to stand and look on as silly as a fool, and see his new married wife gaunted over. I believe in my soul he would have knocked down half a dozen of my persecutors, had he been left to the guidance of his own unadulterred feelings, instead of being restrained by the rules of etiquette. But, Mr. Editor, after all my sufferings and vexations, here I am alive, and I pray heaven I never may be married again, till the custom of kissing the bride by wholesale is done away. Yours sincerely.

THE THREE DESERTED CHILDREN.

I will record, in this place, (says Mr. Flint, in his "Travels,") a narrative that impressed me deeply. It was a fair sample of the cases of extreme misery and desolation, that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river. In the Sabbath School at New Madrid we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances. A man was descending the river with these three children in his pirogue. He and his children had landed on a desert Island, on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses, which were at Little Prairie, opposite the island, within a great distance. He wanted more whiskey, although he had already been drinking it too freely. Against the persuasions of his children, he left them, to cross over in his pirogue to these houses, and renew his supply. The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing would dissuade him from this dangerous attempt. He told them he should return to them that night, left them in tears, and exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink, before he had half crossed the passage. The man was drowned. These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty and ragged dress, for he had taken his last blanket with him. They had neither fire nor shelter; and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast, and the night closed over them in this situation. The elder was a girl of six years, but remarkably shrewd and acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, and the youngest a boy of two. It was affecting to hear her describe her desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources. She made them creep together and draw their bare feet under her clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces, and made them chew corn with their pieces. She then persuaded them to run about by setting them the example. Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork. It would seem as if Providence had a special eye to these poor children, for, in the course of the day, some Indians landed on the Island, found them, as they were coming up to New Madrid, and took them with them.

WAYWARD CRITICISMS.

Can a simple swain be happy? Look at young Colin, strolling over the green fields with his Flora, and pointing at the evening clouds. Would he be happier, if walking with Pharnole's daughter? A prince might envy him.

We should give thanks for what we have, and thus hope for better things: so said *Euripides* centuries ago. It is a great soul that can bear adversity without repining itself; and prosperity without making others repine.

If life be but vanity and vexation of spirit, why complain that it is short? When young, we wish to be older; when old, to be younger. The age of content is like to-morrow; it never comes until it is past.

We cannot argue with that person, who has not yet risen to that degree of wisdom, as to be acquainted with his own ignorance. He who never reasons will avoid the danger of reasoning inaccurately. But when a person cannot render a reason for his belief, it is evident that he cherishes an unreasonable belief?

Too elaborate a reply against an impotent defamer, is only to fire at a target: you waste your powder and ball.

It is best not to *speak* of things which are base *to do*, says *Euripides*. Duplicity quails before the simplicity of a noble mind. Hypocrisy seldom lets more than a half-fledged sentiment flutter out of his lips, lest it should turn and pick his eyes out. One should hardly catch a mouse by treachery.

One touch of genius is worth a world of mere description. This is illustrated in the effect of the spectacle of Yorick's horse. "Labour stood still as he passed; the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well; the spinning wheel forgot its round." Here the eye, and the mind, are filled with distinct images, taken from life; and which give a stronger idea of the remarkableness of the animal, than the most minute delineation.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of *love*, is pleasant; a marriage of *interest*, easy; and a marriage where both *agree*, is happy.

Poetry is a pleasant honey; I advise thee only to taste it with the tip of thy finger, and not to live upon it. If thou dost, it will disorder thy head, and give thee dangerous vertigos.

He that understands the weight of each, would rather wield a flail than a sceptre.

DESCRIPTION OF WASHINGTON IRVING,

Author of the Sketch Book, &c.

He is a very well dressed, good-humoured looking man; if not handsome, at least very prepossessing in appearance, though his countenance has not that intellectual expression which his writing would lead one to expect. The most remarkable feature is his eye; it is large and full, with a very soft, dreamy expression—a look of indolent repose in it, which strikes one at first sight, very forcibly. I scanned it, and fancied that Mr. Irving could never be accused of early rising; and I have suspected that he admired Gray's description of Paradise, "to lie on a sofa and read new novels." But with all this, he possesses a keen perception of the ludicrous, and if any object or phrase presents itself which excites his feeling, his eye lights up with astonishing brilliancy; the dreamy, dozing look gives way to an expression of wit and humor, of talent and irresistible mirth—it is not ill-natured enough for satire—which makes one ready to laugh with him.

INDIAN RUBBER.

The milky sap of which Indian Rubber is made has been carried from Mexico to England, where it has been united to various fabrics which have been thereby rendered perfectly water-tight. By placing a layer of it between two layers of cotton, silk, linen, woollen, &c. the adhesion is so perfect that it seems but one web. Several folds of calico or linen cemented by this substance produce a material answering many of the purposes of leather, and surpassing it in value. In this country the Indian Rubber, after being dissolved in the oil of turpentine, or coal tar, is applied to boots and shoes. It is said that it renders them entirely proof against water, preserves the leather, and receives a beautiful polish.

A SHREWD MADMAN.

When the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loudborough to be examined upon application for a statute of Lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him—"How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is much difference: a living sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two.—There are but two legs of mutton—the two fore legs are shoulders."

The first printing press ever established in Chile, it is said, was sent out from New York, and arrived at Valparaiso on the 21st of Nov. 1811. It cost in New York only $650; but the Carracs paid $8000 for it in that country. Several papers are now published in Chile.

HOW TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS IN AN ORCHARD.

Plant according to its size, from one to four plants of bird-cherry, (*prunus padus*) almost the whole of the caterpillars and butterflies within one or two hundred yards, will resort to that plant. The appearance of the bird-cherry will be hideous, but the fruit trees will be safe.

PRICE CURRENT.

BEANS, bushel,	$1,50 a 1,75
BEEF, Mess, bbl.	10,00 a 10,50
Prime,	9 00 —
Cargo,	5 00 a 7
FLAX, per lb.	11 a 12
FLOUR, superfine, bbl.	5 00 —
Rye,	3,50 a 3,75
Cornmeal, bbl.	14 00 —
FLAXSEED, bushel,	1,15 a 1,20
GRAIN—Wheat, bush.	98 a 1,10
Corn, Penn.	50 a 52
Rye,	80 a 83
Oats,	37 a 40
Barley,	90 1,00
HAMS, Jersey, lb.	9 a 11
HOPS, first sort, lb.	17 1-2 a 18
LARD, No. 1,	8 a 10
PORK, Jersey, Mess,	12 a —
Prime,	9 a 10
Cargo,	7,50 a 8 0
PLASTER PARIS, ton,	4 0 a 5 0
RAGS, Foreign, lb.	5 a 5 1-2
Country,	4 a 7
Fine Linen,	10 a 12
SEEDS, Clover, bush.	— a —
Herd-grass,	60 a —
Timothy do.	2,50 a —
TOBACCO, Kentucky, lb.	4 1-2 a 6 1-2
Virginia,	8 a 16
WOOL, Merino, lb.	35 a 40

Philadelphia Institution

FOR correcting Impediments of Speech upon Mr. Leigh's System, No. 193 NORTH FRONT ST. march 24—3t

To be sold at Private Sale,

A VALUABLE Plantation containing about thirty acres, situated in the township of Cheltenham, county of Montgomery, nine miles from Philadelphia, and one mile from Sherokakerview. The improvements are a two story stone House built in the modern style, with a pump of good water near the door, a good stone barn and stable. The above property is situated in a good and healthy neighbourhood, convenient to stores and places of public worship. For further particulars, apply to JAMES SMALL, Living thereon.

may 19—3t*

Cure for Intemperance.

WE have been induced to republish the following notices, at the instance of several people who have called on us during the week, and who testify that it actually possesses the power to arrest the destroyer.—They state that it creates a vigorous appetite for animal food, and an utter aversion to ardent spirits; and that by the use of it, many of the most intemperate have become perfectly sober, and are now in their "right minds."—*Christian Advocate.*

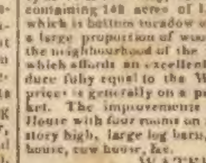
A simple remedy has been discovered which effectually cures habitual drunkards and tipplers, and renders them totally averse to spirituous potations in any form. A considerable number who have obtained lasting benefit stand ready to corroborate with the most conclusive testimony what is here asserted.

Twenty years experience in the laws of stimuli, and the happy effects produced by this remedy have taught in simplicity and renovating power on constitutions injured by intemperance.

Those persons who reside at a distance can have the remedy sent by mail, enclosed in a letter, or through the medium of a friend in the city, by addressing their application, post paid, to Dr. CHAMBERS, at Rutger's Medical College, New York; or it may be obtained of William Moorhead, No. 137 Lombard street, Philadelphia, who is appointed Agent, by the above Proprietor.

The most satisfactory references can be given of the efficacy of this medicine. may 19—1y

Hydrants Made and Repaired.



THE subscriber having removed from his former establishment, to Arch near Fifth street, to the East side of Fifth street, No. 63, above Race st. where the Plumbing Business will be attended as heretofore.

STRONG IRON PIPES, LEAD PIPES, and HYDRANTS,

All of good quality, with other fixtures requisite for the introduction of Schuylkill Water.

JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

Application to be made at the shop, or at his dwelling, No. 216 North Fourth street, between Tammany and Noble streets. may 19—3t

B. WILLIAMS, DENTIST.

At his old Established Stand

No. 172 VINE STREET ABOVE FIFTH ST.

HE has at a heavy expense published information during the last nine years, being the first and only attempt ever made in this city to inform the people on the preservation of the Teeth.

He has published the opinions of twelve Physicians and six Dentists, on the immense value of giving the Teeth room to grow or to spread with the file—also, the proper time to perform the operation.

He performs all operations in the line of his profession, and fixes the Teeth in the mouth upon very moderate terms. *Advice gratis.* may 19—3m

YATES & CO.

No. 121 CHESNUT STREET,

Two doors below Fourth street,

HAVE been unusually fortunate in the last three weeks in distributing Prizes—it is their maxim, on such occasions, to acquaint their friends of any extraordinary good luck which prevails at their office, that they may profit thereby and take a chance among the many who have doubtless secured an independency by the favourite channel of the UNION CANAL LOTTERIES.

YATES & CO.

Have a variety of chosen numbers, Halves, Quarters and Eighths, which they will dispose of on the most favorable terms, and which may produce to their owners either a prize of

20,000	15,000	10,000
5,000	4,500	3,000

1000, 500 or 100 DOLLARS!

Call then and purchase a Ticket. Uncurrent money taken at par—and all Lottery information given gratis. may 19—tf

Real Estate for Sale.

A PLANTATION in Brandywine Hundred, New Castle county, State of Delaware, late the property of C. & P. Talley, about 3 miles from Wilmington, containing 148 acres of Land, (more or less,) part of which is bottom meadow on the Brandywine Creek, and a large proportion of wood land. This property is in the neighbourhood of the factories on the Brandywine, which affords an excellent market for all kinds of produce fully equal to the Wilmington market, which for prices is generally on a par with the Philadelphia market. The improvements are a large two story stone House with four rooms on a floor, and stone kitchen two story high, large log barn, stone smoke house, wagon house, cow house, &c.

WATER POWER.

No. 2. A Cotton Factory on ——— Creek about 4 miles from Wilmington, (Del.) with 7 acres and 61 perches of land, (more or less.) The improvements are a Stone Factory three stories high, stone dwelling house and kitchen two stories high, stone blacksmith shop, stone stable, &c. an excellent dam and good stream of water—the dam is kept in repair by the county. Possession of this property can be had forthwith. For further particulars apply to either of the subscribers.

JAMES TWADDELL, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM TWADDELL, Canton Mills, Brandywine.

Executors to the Estate of William Twaddell, deceased. may 19—tf

PHISOGRAPHICAL PAINTING ROOMS.

105 CHESNUT STREET,

Opposite the American Daily Advertiser Office.

THE ARTIST, (from London, recently from New York,) begs to announce to the inhabitants of this city, that he has brought from England the celebrated Patent Machine for taking *LIKENESSES*, which is constructed on a Mathematical Principle that cannot fail of producing a most correct outline of the features in the short space of a few minutes. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who are desirous of obtaining a faithful Profile of themselves or friends, can, at a charge of only FIFTY CENTS, with a Frame and Glass included, be gratified in their wishes.

Also, Superior Shaded Profiles, at one dollar.

Miniatures on Ivory, of very low prices.

The Artist having met with great encouragement in New-York, hopes also to meet with the same success from the inhabitants of this city.

☞ DRAWING taught on the most reasonable terms, in either of the following branches:—Crayon, Landscape, Flower, or Miniature Painting.

*** Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and see the different specimens. May 1—tf

A DESIRABLE RETREAT,

FROM CITY TUMULT.

THAT pleasant and healthful situation in Germantown, late the residence of Dr. Blair, 6 1-2 miles from Philadelphia, for Sale or to Rent. The house contains 10 rooms, and would accommodate two families, or make a fine boarding establishment. The house, pasture and garden, including about one acre, would be rented for only $200 a year. Enquire of C. Peirce, adjoining the premises. The farm, containing between 60 and 70 acres, attached to the above, would be sold with the house, or exchanged for city property. May 12—3t*

WILLIAM H. MOORE,

UNDERTAKER

No. 102 1-2 Arch street, between Fifth and Sixth street, (South side.)

A GENERAL assortment of Coffins, of various sizes and patterns, plain and ornamented, always on hand. Also, stuff of every description ready prepared, which, at the shortest notice, can be made to order. The whole business of Funerals will be attended to if desired, on very moderate terms, such as furnishing Hearses, Carriages, Shrouds, Scarfs, Crape, Ice Boxes, &c.

N. B. Attendance at all hours.—*Circumstances taken into consideration.* May 12—6m

Military Trimming, Coach Lace and Furniture Fringe Manufactory,

No. 22, NORTH THIRD ST. Philadelphia,

(A few doors below the City Hotel, opposite side.)

WHERE is constantly kept on hand for wholesale and retail, on the lowest terms, a complete assortment of Swords, Epauletts, Caps and other Military articles, Coach Lace and Furniture Fringe, silk, cotton and worsted Cords, Braids, &c.

☞ Letters from any part of the United States, post paid, will be punctually attended to.

march 31—6m HENRY KORN.

Dr. BECKER'S EYE SALVE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a fresh supply of the above valuable medicine, which he will dispose of Wholesale or Retail, at his Wholesale and Retail Drug and Apothecary Store, north east corner of Third and Callowhill streets. JOSEPH BEARIE.

N. B. A liberal allowance made to those who purchase to sell again. april 21—tf

Genuine Wines and Liquors.

DAVID RANKEN,

KEEPS constantly on hand *Madeira*, *Lisbon* and *Xeres* Wine, at his Store, No. 49 Chesnut street, near Second, and at his *Store-house*, in Strawberry street—Old Madeira Wine, do. Sherry, do. do. Royal Co. Port, do. do. Old Champagne Brandy, 3d and 4th proof, do. Cognac do. do. Wesp, Anker Gin, &c. &c. Jamaica Rum do. do. Wesp. Anker Gin, &c. &c. Jamaica Rum do. do. Wesp.

The above Wines and Liquors have been carefully selected from the most approved Brands, and are now Received from the Importers. april 14—3m

TO JOB PRINTERS.

RED & BLUE INK, of a superior quality, warranted not to smile, and to work clear.

J. HOWE,
Corner of Crown & Callowhill sts.

march 17—tf

Scott's Commentary, vol. 3d.

IS now ready for delivery to subscribers. Apply to J. HOWE,
Corner of Crown and Callowhill streets.

N. B. Subscribers in a remote part of the city will be waited upon in a few days. april 7—tf

Hydrants, Lead and Iron Pipes.

ROWLEY AND ALBERGER, PLUMBERS,

NORTH WEST corner of Decatur and Carpenter streets, directly in rear of the Arcade, have constantly on hand, small iron pipes, and lead pipes of all sizes of their manufacture, all of which will be furnished on reasonable terms. Hydrants of all kinds made and repaired. April 14—3m

DR. MEAD'S

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

A SAFE and effectious remedy for all those deranged states of the digestive organs constituting *Dyspepsia* or *Indigestion*.

This medicine is the invention of a physician who has applied his study and practice for a number of years to this distressing disease, and is therefore the result of much experience. Induced by the duties he owes to society, the proprietor has adopted this mode of circulation in order to give it a greater range of publicity, and that it may become more extensively useful than it could possibly be were it confined within the private practice of any individual whatever. These Pills have been several years in the hands of the public, and the rapidly increasing sales, and numerous certificates in their favor bear ample testimony to the efficacy of the remedy. They operate mildly though effectually, and require no unusual attention to diet, but is there any danger to be apprehended from cold, as they are entirely free from mercury in any form whatever.

Sold in New York by O. & W. Hull, 146 Pearl street, who are sole agents for the proprietor; in Philadelphia, by Smith & Pearsall, corner of Market and Third sts. Isaac Thompson, corner of Market and Second streets; Samuel P. Griffiths, Jr. corner of Chesnut and Eighth streets; H. Troth & Co. No. 223 Market street; in Baltimore, by Henry Price and William Butler, Market st. and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States. april 28—tf

THE SUBSCRIBER,

HAS always for sale, a handsome assortment of Ever Pointed Pencils of superior make. Likewise, Silver Pencil Cases of all kinds, Tooth Picks, Tweezers, &c. ALSO, Gold and Silver Pens, Thimbles and Fancy Jewellery of every description, which he will sell wholesale and retail at the very lowest cash prices.

JOHN C. FARR,

No. 18, Market street, one door below Third st.

A supply of Leads for the above pencils always on hand. march 5—6m

THE FEMALE'S SPECIFIC.

IF IT HAS NEVER FAILED.

THIS Medicine, the never failing powers of which can be proved by references to ladies of the greatest respectability in this city. Can always be had at No. 107, SPRUCE STREET, between Fourth and Fifth, where application can be made either by letter, or personally. march 10—6m

CLARK & CHESNUT,

BOOKBINDERS and paper rulers, over No. 12 Market street, Philadelphia, where all kinds of binding will be done in a superior manner; blank books ruled and bound to any pattern. Likewise, old books repaired and rebound, as above. April 14—tf

CLOTHING STORE.

ASHTON & SON, TAILORS,

No. 16 MARKET-STREET, PHILADA.

OFFER for Sale a handsome stock of Seasonable Clothing, consisting in part of Blue, Black, Russia, Green and Plumb DRESS COATS; Blue, Brown, Claret and Citron Frocks; Drab and Buff Box; Bang-up and New Market Coats; Blue, Green and Mixtures Coatees, Pantaloons, Vests, &c. of various qualities, colours and patterns.

Ready-made Linen, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Cravats, Hosiery, &c. together with an elegant assortment of Superior Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. which will be made to order, and warranted to fit both MAN and MIND.

Also, On hand a large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's CLOAKS.

Wholesale dealers in any of the above articles are invited to call and examine previous to purchasing. oct. 21—tf

C. F. L. ALBRECHT,

MANUFACTURER OF PIANO FORTES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

BEGS leave to inform the public and his friends, that with a view to extend his Manufactory, and be able to supply more promptly the demand with which he is honoured, he has removed to

NO. 144 SOUTH THIRD STREET,

where he has now for sale, a few Vertical and Horizontal Piano Fortes, of superior tone and workmanship, and will have it in his power to execute the orders he receives, with as much promptitude as is consistent with a due regard to the perfect finish of the Instruments.

May 18—7t*

GEORGE W.